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THE VOICE OF SADNESS STILL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The winds upon the tree top sing;
In jubilant response the bird
From golden bubbling brown is heard—
Earnest poet of the Spring!

II.

The flowers are in a joyous glee;
And every cloud is edged in cheer;
Even in the wearing from life are
Sweet pictures on the lake below.

III.

A song seems trembling up from Earth,
A song as glad, as wild, yet free,
I drink its cadence might away
From some young god or radiant Spirit.

IV.

But, sadly, sadly through the whole
Is intertwined a long, long moan,
A lingering, awful accent,
As if from some unbirthed soul.

V.

'Tis the long, long moan, Oh Soul!
The voice of utter sadness still—
Ah, thus forevermore must it,
To endless thought our Humanity!

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF GHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TREACHERY UNMASKED.

Owen Murdock and his son had triumphed. By foulest treachery, and with aid of noxious drugs, they had transported Lorinda from her home to an old castle-like building on the Firth of Solway, at almost the extreme northwest point of England. This strange habitation was owned by a wrecker and smuggler named Soul Wormley—a reputed supercargo on that part of the coast, and with whom Owen Murdock seemed to have such relations, as made Gerald wonder what kind of life his father hadled in his early manhood. Lorinda had been taken to the wretched woman to wait upon her, instead Phebe Lurkin, who pretended to all her wants, but would give her no information whatever.

The next day after her arrival, Owen Murdock called upon her, and in stern and heart-freezing tones informed her where she was, and why she had been brought there, hinted at the providence of Sir Edward's will, showed her his powers as guardian under the broad seal of the chancellor, and plainly told her that she must leave that room, or Gerald's wife—adding, with fiendish heartlessness, that after the wedding feast had been securely tied, it mattered not where she went or how soon she died, as Cheswold and Ingersoll would let them both be secure.

Lorinda saw it all; she saw, too, that Owen Murdock meant what he said. But instead of sinking under the terrible revelation, her energies rose to a pitch sufficient to meet all the exigencies of the occasion.

She was the weak, shrinking girl no more. A burden less fearful might have overpowered her; but this, coming with such terrible force, had awakened within her, by the touch of its own horror, the powers for its repulsion. With keen energy she bent her mind to the work she had before her, over and over filling her voice to its pauper to Him who can hear the prisoner's cry.

At noon Phebe Lurkin came with the prisoner's dinner. Lorinda calmly tried to influence her in her favor; but the old woman was unapproachable.

Perhaps, had the helpless prisoner known that Khibil Cuff was but a few miles from Soul Wormley's, and that Elroy Clifton and John Durwood had there taken refuge with their old friend McDougal, she would have been comforted with sanguine hopes of relief. These facts, however, she had no means of knowing; but she had made up her mind to escape from that place if the thing were possible, let the issue very well that she had hope in no other direction. If she remained in that chamber an other day her fate might be sealed. And how should she escape? Phebe Lurkin would tell her nothing, for she could not thus overcome the bars to duty. She had a plan, and when the shades of evening began to fall she commenced her work.

Now the situation of things in that chamber was this: The door was near to one corner; within that corner opened another door, and this side directly opposite. The head of the bed stood against the wall close by, and upon the same side with, the door; so that one of the windows was over against the door, and the other against the foot of the bed. Lorinda took off the coverlid, and tore it into strips, and having knotted them together, she went to the window nearest the bed, and made one end fast to the iron bars. When the night had fairly come, she placed the knotted rope out to the breeze, and then crawled under the bed, getting as near to the wall as possible.

By and by Phebe Lurkin came with the supper, which she brought in a wooden tray. She set it down upon the table, and then spoke:—

"Eh?" she uttered, receiving no reply. "Asleep again! What—saint she here? Hello!—say! Where are ye? Hi!—what's this? Run away! She's gone out by the window! Here's the coverlet all torn to strips, and she gone down on it! Goodness mercy! her body couldn't have been so small as that! A baby couldn't have been got through here!"

Lorinda stopped to hear no more. As soon as she saw that the woman's attention was fixed upon the window and its strange appendage, she slipped noiselessly out from beneath the bed, and glided swiftly by the door, and through the anteroom. The door beyond was open, as she had expected to find it, and as she passed this she found herself in a dark passage; but she did not stop to think, for thinking could avail her nothing there. Trusting to her fate, and praying that it might be kind, she groped her way along the passage, and soon saw a glimmer ahead. It was from a window, which was very near a flight of descending stairs. Below the stairs went—into a narrow hall—a door to the left, which she opened—into a large room, with guns and pikes and pistols upon the walls—on to another door—even into a small entry—down a few stone steps—a turn to the right—and she was in the open air. Across an old court, stumbling over stones and rubbish, but still hurrying on—clambering over a mass of closely massed stones down among bushes and briars—up and on again—on, on—and a path opened before her. She stopped now to take breath, and to collect her thoughts; for thus far she had gone without thought, rushing almost blindly on, trusting the lead of the Unseen to guide her. She looked back, and she could see the walls of the old house against the starry sky. Aye, and she could hear voices, too—voices of alarm and of command. Her absence had been discovered, and of course she would be pursued. Ha!—there were steps approaching; and she crept beneath the bushes and lay. But those were not pursuers. They came from the opposite way, and were going towards the house.

"O, 'tis a real priest I have engaged, and no sham,—and poor souls when preached to the wreckers and pirates, and prays at their bidding. He will do my work in his fine fix among."

So spoke a voice which came certainly from the lips of Owen Murdock. And the voice which made reply was from Gerald.

"Twill be a merry wedding, and a quick one. We'll have it down in the cabin where you found her."

"Aye—as soon after daylight to-morrow as may be. It is best to strike while the iron is hot. There is danger in delay."

What more they said Lorinda could not hear, for they had passed on beyond the reach of her ears. She stepped out into the path again, with a fervent "God help me!" upon her lips, and hurried away upon the course which she had been imprisoned. Whither she went she knew not. She was given her light enough to reveal the trodden path, but no more. But she was going further and further from the house for whose would crush her, and that was something. And that she might, ere long, find an open road, perhaps, a house. O, there might be friends among some.

Hark, again! This time the steps came over the course she had trodden. They came quick and eager, evidently in the hope of pursuit. Beneath the first shelter, a mass of tangled bushes, the fugitive listened, and the pursuers came on. They are two men, with rough, strange voices; and they spoke the names of places of encouragement, and gave cordially around. "I don't believe it," said one of them. "She never got out uuteen them bars in the world."

"It don't seem possible to me," said the other. "But, if she didn't get out there, how did she get out. That's what I want to know. I don't believe old Phebe 'd let her out, anyhow."

"In course she wouldn't. But she's gone. And if she went opposite in, has she hid, or has she run off?"

"She's run; I'll lay my life on that. So let's push on. We've got the golden guineas if we find her."

"Aye—but I'm afeared she didn't come this way. Them as has took to the shore'll be most likely to find her."

When the men had gone, and she could hear their footsteps no more, Lorinda came forth again, and hurried on as before. She had considered the matter while the pursuers had been talking, and had made up her mind that it would be better for her to follow on after them, rather than to turn back.

On, on, for a weary hour—through darkness and gloom—with no widening of the path, with no house in sight—on, through woods and over barren spots—footsore and tired, but still perseveringly, earnestly on. At length a hill is at hand—a gentle embarcee—and from the top of this she sees, just down upon the other side, a gable-post. She knows what it is, for it is Gerald's gable, and in not far there must be a road there, and she knows where. Aye—a road it is—a broad, rivelled road, with the ruts of carriages, as she can see in the dim starlight. But she cannot read the directions upon the board. It is too high up, and only an indistinguishable mass of black letters appears through the deep gloom. She turns from the post, and a quiet cry of chaos breaks from her lips. She sees, standing close by her, as though they had arisen out of the earth, two men—rough-looking men, bedaubed in the garbs of fishermen. They speak, and she recognizes the voices of those who had pursued her from her prison.

"Aha, my lady. This is you, I take it!"

Lorinda started to flee, but a heavy hand was upon her.

"No, no. None o' that. You must go back with us!"

"Eay! Hush! There's something coming!" said his companion.

The men both listened, and footsteps were heard upon the road, not far off, and presently the hum of voices also broke upon the air.

"Let's be off, Jem. It isn't any of our folks. Come, Miss, hurry up."

Now it so happened that Lorinda had entertained an idea of her own in connection with the approaching footsteps, and with all her power, she cried out—

"Help! Help! Help!"

The captors swore, and tried to stop her mouth, but before they could do so, she had repeated the cry. Still they finally succeeded in preventing a third utterance, and, upon the narrow path, up over the little hill. But ere they had gone many steps, being impeded somewhat by the struggles of their captive, the voice of a woman was heard, and the sound of approaching wheels was wanted.

With a violent effort Lorinda slipped her mouth once more free, and cried again for help.

A man sprang lightly up the hill, and the villain, when they knew that he was near, let go their captive, and turned to confront him.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in no very gentle tones, "that thus make war upon a poor, defenceless girl?"

"It don't 'zakes no odds who we be," replied one of the ruffians, after he had evidently satisfied himself that he and his companion had been so far overcome that resistance would be dangerous to them. "I don't know who you be, but you're trouble'n dangerous ground."

"Who are these fellows?" Elroy asked of Lorinda.

"They are but tools in the hands of a master. Let us hurry away. Let them go."

There was no need of driving the fellows away, for they started of their own accord; and our hero drew the maiden's arm through his own, and hurried down into the road.

"Here you no boat, no bonnet, no cloak?" he asked. "Are you so utterly defenceless?"

"I am not cold," she replied. "If there is but a boat, let us find it."

"There is shelter, dear lady, but it is at some distance."

GUARDIAN AND WARD.

"Oh, I care not for that. I can walk. I am strong. Only let me find I am safe."

"Well," repeated Elroy, as though the thought ventured upon every move in his system. "While I have life, thou shalt have protection. But—here—let me throw this coat over you. There—you will be more comfortable now."

It was some time before the emotions consequent upon the strange and startling adventure could be so controlled as to admit of calm conversation; but as they walked steadily on, their thoughts gradually assumed a practical turn, and Durwood, who supported the lady upon one side, asked her what was the meaning of this strange and unnatural occurrence.

And Lorinda told them the story—told all, from her first visit to Cheswold on Owen Murdock, to her arrival at the old house of Soul Wormley. Elroy asked her no questions, and made but few remarks. He seemed busy with his own reflections. But still, what few words he did utter betrayed more depth of feeling than much speech could have shown.

Finally they arrived at McDougal's cot, where the maiden was placed under the care of the kind dame, McDougal himself being absent for a day or two. Durwood told as much of the story as he thought was necessary, and then he left the females together. He knew that the orphan was in tender hands.

When the two men met beneath the porch, after Dame McDougal had taken her charge, the question naturally arose—What was to be done?

"This Soul Wormley is a chieftain in these parts," said Durwood, "and if Murdock has him fixed in his interest, it may not be well that Miss Vertrees's whereabouts should be known to him."

"Do you think they would attempt to take her away by force?" asked Elroy.

"No, I believe they would. If Wormley makes it his plan to carry her back to his house, he will do it if he can find her."

"But they will have to overcome us first," said the youth.

"And that can be easily done if they find us. Soul Wormley is master on this coast, and I doubt if even Jock McDougal would dare to oppose him."

"Well," replied Elroy, after some reflection, "we must let the matter rest where it is for to-night. In the morning we will consult the lady, and be governed by her wishes. If necessary, we can leave this place at once. If there is danger to be apprehended from a passage through the country, we can take to the woods and run up to Carlisle."

"All of course," added Durwood, with much decision, "we are pledged to her welfare, let what will come."

Elroy grasped his hand in token of his part in the pledge, and then they sought their rest for the night.

In the morning our hero arose, and walked out upon the sea-shore. He came in to breakfast, and then walked out again; Durwood had been called to a consultation with the old chief, and he did not trouble him. Towards the middle of the forenoon, Durwood himself came out and informed him that the lady wished to see him.

"She didn't ask for you till a little while ago," the woman said. "She hasn't asked for anybody before. She's been all alone by herself most of the time, walking up and down the floor, and leaning over the table, talking most all the time. O, she's the dearest, sweetest lady I ever saw. I think she wants to see you very much."

With a strangely beating heart Elroy went to the house, and entered the room where Lorinda Verbrook was. From over their interview we will not lift the veil. At its close, the bright sunbeams streamed in upon them, with golden smiles of promise, as they rested in that first happy embrace of reestablishing love. With all the trust of a confiding child did Lorinda pillow her head upon Elroy Clifton's bosom; and he, as he wound his silent arms about her, and rained his streaming eyes to heaven, solemnly pledged himself that he would never, for life or for death, in the utmost depths of his heart, the sacred trust which she had reposed in him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OLD MASONRY.

John Durwood stood with his hand upon Lorinda Verbrook's head; and as he gazed into her sweet face the warm tears gathered in his eyes.

"God bless you, my noble child," he said, with his whole heart in the tone he spoke. "As true as the heaven is above us, you have chosen a worthy soul for the repository of your love. I knew Elroy Clifton—have known him for many years—and, while you shall not find one fault which he has not already known to you, you shall find in him many virtues which you have not yet seen. And so, my old peace and blessedness be yours!"

He kissed her fair hand, and then led her to a seat.

"And now," he resumed, when he had wiped the dimming moisture from his eye, "we must turn our attention to the necessities of this present moment. I have been talking with our good hostess, and she assures me that Soul Wormly will turn his attention this way. If he does come, we may not be able to resist him; so we had better leave here as soon as possible. I would suggest that we take a boat, and run up the Firth. To turn back into the country may be dangerous."

It was now near the middle of the afternoon, and it was finally arranged that they should take a boat and run up the Firth. Then, if no Corbin-ee or Longlowes, just which might be the most convenient, then there they could easily find shelter for a time, and could then decide what further course to take. Dame McDougal had just been decided upon when Agnes McDougal came in, and informed them that she believed one of Soul Wormley's men had been lurking about the place. She had seen a man come out from the bushes under the face of the cliff, and as he left the shore, and she thought he acted as though he had been watching.

"I have formed that very thing," said Durwood. "But we may evade them yet. It is not for us to beat, and the wind is favorable. Let us go at once, and make the best of our way to some point where Soul Wormley will not dare to follow."

Dame McDougal gave to Lorinda some warm clothing, and then went down with her to the sea-shore. The boat was a small, sloop-rigged craft, used for fishing; but with the help of oars and convenient, though not very clean or trim, for the maiden. She left her in the afternoon, and then, while Durwood sat by her side at the helm, Elroy took the oars and shoved off. Agnes bade them good-bye and God-speed; and they, in return, gave her their warmest thanks. She had words of parting were spoken after the boat had begun to move through the water, and the voyagers were soon wafted out of hearing from the land-loved dame.

For half an hour all went well; but at the end of that time there were clouds in the air. Some, behind a point, not half a mile distant, came a large boat, well manned, and propelled by oars. She carried heavy canvas, and it was soon evident that she was by far the best sailer. But, was she in search?

"I cannot tell," said Durwood. "Of course, if then vessel, there must be some who calls passing; so her mere presence is no cause for fear. And yet we must move cautiously, I offer. She heads to the northward of our course."

But Lorinda was trembling with fear, and spoke of taking to the shore.

"No, no, my lady," the old man replied, "even if they were enemies, that would be the worst thing we could do. As we now stand, they are nearer to the land than we, and we would, if headed towards it, take the wind more directly. We must keep on as we are for the best."

In a little while the strange boat had come much nearer, and Durwood recognized Soul Wormley at the helm. His countenance changed to suddenly that Lorinda noticed it.

"They are enemies?" she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

He did not reply.

"Is it Wormley?" asked Elroy.

Durwood said yes.

What should be done? What could be done? In the coming boat there were ten men, all told, and they were all such as were used to fighting. And, furthermore, they had now changed their course, and were close to the wake of the fugitives. Elroy was appalled. A moment more and they must be overtaken and there it off. To think of resisting their force would be madness. Lorinda gazed first on one to the other of her companions, and she could not help but see in their features the fight spirit which, she well be sure to fill. I know those men—they are tigers. And if you fight, our lady loses too much. If they demand it we must surrender. Can't we be down?"

The swift-winged barge, with its pursuing force, came ploughing through the water at a speed nearly twice that of the fishing boat, and for many moments after Durwood had spoken she was so near that an ordinary conversation might have been held between the two.

"Hello, there! Run Wormley, sounding up in the stern-sheets. "Lay that boat to!"

Even Durwood hesitated. The order was a most ungrateful one.

"Lay to, or we'll fire into you!"

There was no help for it—no earthly help—and the boat was brought up to the wind. Elroy

caught the maiden's hand, and tried to look hopeful.

"If you must go back," he said, "I will find some means of rescuing you."

"I hope this will be unnecessary," she uttered.

"We must trust Him now," was the remark of Durwood; and as he spoke the large shot slunged, and the two boats were held together.

"This is my bird!" cried Saul Wormley, placing his hand upon Lorinda's arm.

During all his scandal-life Mary Clifton had never done a braver deed than he did then; never before had he called up in his soul such magnanimous power of will and self-control. It would have been an easy matter to shoot Saul Wormley dead, and to have pitched a knife with the calkon gone; and such would have been valued exactly by his impulses; but the movement would have been a fatal one—he was sure of that. If it—and no one the maiden conveyed into the barge without striking even a word of remonstrance.

"I think I've seen you before," said Wormley, addressing John Durwood.

"You have," was the old man's reply.

"Aye—you were one of Duncan Barbot's crew. And so was this young fellow, eh?"

"Yes."

"Two good men, I have no doubt, but you must go with me; and you will pardon me if I put a little restraint upon you."

"You do not mean to bind me," said Durwood, as he saw preparations which had a look that way.

"Yes,—I think I will. In fact, I must; so set no harm is done with an oar, you perceive."

There was no hope, and another hour, of anguish and woe. With their hands bound, and watchful eyes upon them, Durwood and Elroy sat, in the bows of the large boat, as prisoners. The sun was down, and the shades of night creeping on, when the barge reached the landing upon Saul Wormley's domain; and when all had been secured, the two smugglers were conveyed to the house, where they were lodged in a close apartment, under stout locks and bars, while Lorinda was led back to the chamber from which she had made her escape.

In half an hour from this time, there were bustling preparations in the old guard-room of that house. The prize was secure—no whom Wormley had recommended as ready for any kind of desired work; and where locks did not settle the character than given him. And none few witnesses were there present, for he could be trusted with an important secret, even though it might be a dangerous one.

And into the chamber where Lorinda Verbrenck sat came Gowin Sivertborne, with a word or look did no intimate that she had done anything out of the way; but implied that what she had not been away from that place since he saw her before.

"We are a little late," he said, with a smile, in which were mingled triumph and satisfaction; "but no; too late for the pledge we made. The day is not up yet; and will it be until the hour of midnight; and are that time our consummation shall be reached. Come—I will lead you down."

Was that the time and place for her to see? No. She would go with him; she would not let him while no evil was done; waiting not her strength upon ceremony. All there was to come which she would not take, while her own life was in her hands. She went with him to the wrench; and though the spirit of fear weighed painfully upon her, yet there was in her soul, whispering silence the sounds, another spirit which held a reliance upon God's mercy. It seemed to her as though the iniquity were too great to be perpetrated in the face of high Heaven. When she was stopped, it was in the guard-room—the apartment through which she had passed on her escape, where the arms were fixed upon the walls—and here she met scenes when she knew. And some whom she did not know. She knew Saul Wormley; and she knew Gerald Murdock; and the man with the black robe, and the book—she knew he must be the priest. Gerald approached her, and bowed her familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Ah, my darling beauty, you didn't get off, did you. No, no,—I was not to lose my wife—not at all—not a bit of it!"

His eyes were red, and his breath was rank with the fumes of liquor.

"Hold on!" he cried, as Lorinda shrunk quivering from him. "I can't have this. I've done up in shape. By the mass, we'll have more witnesses."

"We have witnesses enough," said Gowin. "Let the thing be done up as quickly as possible. We are all ready."

"But I—No!" retorted Gerald. "I'll have more witnesses. It is my humour. I'll have Elroy Clifton here. He'll enjoy it—how he will—I'll have him; and old Durwood shall come with him."

"My son—"

"Don't you see me? You can't marry me till I get ready; and I won't be ready till Elroy Clifton comes to me!"

Gowin Sivertborne would have resisted this, not from any sense of delicacy, but rather from an idea of self-will; but his son was so far under the influence of brandy, that there was no reasoning with him; and it was finally decided that Clifton and Durwood should be brought in. Saul Wormley went out, with two of his men, and soon returned with the prisoners in charge.

"Now," cried Gerald, in high glee, as his eye fell upon the captive youth, "let the thing go on. I'm ready now."

And he went again to Lorinda's side, and offered to take her hand; but she shrunk from him, and would have fled to Elroy, had Gowin not caught her by the arm.

At that time there were indications of a scene; but ere the passions had fairly broken loose, all eyes were turned to the door, which was unexpectedly opened by one of the boat's men.

"What is it now?" demanded Wormley, impatiently.

"You are wanted, Capt'n."

"Who wants me?"

"I don't know. You had better come and see."

Saul promised that he would be back in a moment, and left hurried out. The anxious paused away, and he did not return.

"Here I am!" cried Gerald, with an oath. "What's the use of waiting? We've got witnesses enough."

Gowen Murdock walked a few moments more, and then he went to Lorinda, and took her once the most submit. He whispered it to her, in a low, grinding kiss, through his clenched teeth; and his hand was pressed upon her arm like an iron vice.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GLOWWORM OF LIGHT.

Another scene was on the tapis. Elroy Clifton was striding like a caged lion. He had been all he could hide; and it seemed as though either his bonds or his heart must break. He glared upon the soulless villains who would crush the life being of his love, and was prepared to rush upon them, bound as he was. But the agony of that moment was not to be prolonged. Just when Lorinda uttered the last cry from the grim council by Gowen's gripe upon her arm, the door was opened, and Saul Wormley re-entered.

"Hold, gentlemen!" ordered the chieftain, striding to the centre of the floor. "Let this thing be left where it is. You cannot proceed."

"How?" cried Gowin, in astonishment.

"It can proceed no further."

"But it shall proceed, though," said Gerald, with a loud oath.

"Where is the priest? Don't be fools now."

"Saul Wormley, what do you mean?" demanded Gowin, leaving the maiden's side, and approaching his host. "Are you crazy?"

"No, Gowin Murdock, I am far from that. You shall know my meaning very quickly. I am—Ah—here comes one with whom you must argue the matter."

How!—with this fiest wretch?" exclaimed Gowin, recoiling, as the new comer was introduced. He spoke bravely enough; but it was plain to be seen that a fearful crisis was shook his frame.

It was old Silvertorne who had come into the room, and as he saw Gowin, with the aid of the great lamp full upon him, his face looked more strongly prophetic than ever.

"Back!" ordered Saul, as Gerald made a lurch forward. "This old man is under my protection, and from this moment his will is law upon these premises."

"What!" stepped Owen, turning pale with rage and venation. "Do you turn traitor to me?"

"Traitor!" repeated Silvertorne, in a calm, decided tone. "I can explain it all in a very few words. My commission will not go to all. THIS OLD MAN IS MY MASTER!"

"Your master!" stepped Gowin forward to Silvertorne's side; and when Gerald started to approach, he was seized by two of the armed men, and held back. The old man, as he held his hand out to the young man, extended the other towards the people before him; and there was a solemn dignity in his voice and mien beneath that look.

"Lester Gowin Silvertorne. "Saul Wormley has told you that I am master here. My word's omnipotent, and shall be the warning of two villains.—Open the door, some one, and call in my two men."

The order was obeyed, and in stalked Lake and Hawkins, followed by a dozen more of the stout serving-men of Cheswold.

"There are your prisoners," the old man said, pointing to the smugglers.

Those servants needed no second hint. They marched straight to their duties; and the old peasant might have started upon a trapped wolf with more confidence than they showed.

"Saul Wormley," cried Owen, struggling with his captors, "you will repent this. You shall stand by and see this?"

"I do. I am master in the matter," replied the host, doggedly. "It is you who are repentant. If life will be promised to give you time—to procure your priest—to hold your foe victim—you have forgotten that there is authority in my people; but I did not promise to protect you against their wicked work. Those days are past."

The father and son struggled, but they might as well have struggled with bonds of iron; and at last those determined men of Cheswold.

By the heavens above me!" cried Gowin Murdock, frothing with rage, "you shall suffer for this! The time shall come when you will bitterly repent this day's work. You have sworn to it, and you shall keep it!"

"Never mind that now," replied Lake Bissell, taking the young man by the arm, and leading him away. "Just at this present time you have no power. You must wait for that. Come, we'll make the best of it. So be easy, or I must handcuff you, and that will be a very unpleasant feeling day, which wouldn't be very pleasant to you, you perceive."

There was something so very cool and significant in Lake Bissell's tone, that Gowin fell into a state of quiet. But not so Gerald. He was utterly mad with drunkenness and rage, when he had been bound they took him out of the room.

When this had been done Silvertorne turned to Lorinda, and told her that she had better go to her chamber for a while.

"You will be safe, sweet lady; as here as here. The Supreme is here, and He will let her not go off. Lake will show you the way."

The maiden left the room with Lake Bissell, wondering tone, and clinging to the old man's hand as she passed. "Don't go away from here.—Elroy—Mr. Durwood?"

"Fear not," was the trembling glance into her face, and then, in a tone so low that she alone could hear it.

"Sweet child, it is well with them. Cherish no fear for them. They are in safe keeping."

Silvertorne turned upon the wretch, and gave him a look which made him quail. It was not so much the significance of the look, as it was the mysterious power of his soul. It must have struck Gowen more forcibly than ever before in his life, and he wonder he added to the strange old man. Saul Wormley had acknowledged him for a master.

"Now," said Gowin, "what is the matter?"

What was the meaning of all this mystery? Was it real, or was it a dream? Gowin Murdock stared at Cheswold.

"Gowin Murdock, drawing-room of the Manorhouse came Lorinda Verbrenck and Doctor Aldenbrook. Saul Wormley received the latter with bows; and presently Gowin Murdock and Gerald were led in by the same platoon! Gowin looked and their movements guarded by Lake Bissell and some Dutchmen. The smugglers—also they Gowen saw the doctor he appealed to him to know what all this meant.

"Why, sir," he cried, "am I subjected to this treatment by my own people?"

"I can explain nothing," replied Willet.

"It is a wicked conspiracy, sir! But I hope that you will be better—Ah—here comes one who can explain things to your satisfaction."

It was Silvertorne who entered, and when he reached the centre of the room, he stopped and cast his eyes around upon those present. His gaze finally rested upon Owen Murdock, at whom it remained fixed for some moments. He was deeply moved, and as he finally sank into a chair, he covered his face with his hands.

But by and by he recovered himself, and for a while his old stern look was upon him.

"Owen Murdock!"

The man thus addressed started, and trembled like an aspen. What was it in that voice that had such power?

"Owen Murdock, I have now to speak with you. Listen to me."

The villain moved uneasily in his chair; and it was plain to be seen that, could he have had his way, he would have annihilated the white-haired old man upon the spot. But there was not one present upon whom he could call for aid. The only one who could sympathize with him was his son, and that individual was as powerless as himself; so he was forced to sit and listen.

"I am going to carry you back to a period in your life, which, perhaps, you have long since forgotten. I have been at much trouble to get all the facts; but I have succeeded in finding them, and have pitted them together so nicely that not a link is missing. You remember a voyage ago,

"How!—with this fiest wretch?" exclaimed Owen, recoiling, as the new comer was introduced. He spoke bravely enough; but it was plain to be seen that a fearful crisis was shook his frame.

It was old Silvertorne who had come into the room, and as he saw Gowin, with the aid of the great lamp full upon him, his face looked more strongly prophetic than ever.

"Back!" ordered Saul, as Gerald made a lurch forward. "This old man is under my protection, and from this moment his will is law upon these premises."

"How!" stepped Owen, turning pale with rage and venation. "Do you turn traitor to me?"

"Traitor!" repeated Silvertorne, in a calm, decided tone. "I can explain it all in a very few words. My commission will not go to all. THIS OLD MAN IS MY MASTER!"

"Your master!" stepped Gowin forward to Silvertorne's side; and when Gerald started to approach, he was seized by two of the armed men, and held back. The old man, as he held his hand out to the young man, extended the other towards the people before him; and there was a solemn dignity in his voice and mien beneath that look.

"Lester Gowin Silvertorne. "Saul Wormley has told you that I am master here. My word's omnipotent, and shall be the warning of two villains.—Open the door, some one, and call in my two men."

The order was obeyed, and in stalked Lake and Hawkins, followed by a dozen more of the stout serving-men of Cheswold.

"There are your prisoners," the old man said, pointing to the smugglers.

Those servants needed no second hint. They marched straight to their duties; and the old peasant might have started upon a trapped wolf with more confidence than they showed.

"Saul Wormley," cried Owen, struggling with his captors, "you will repent this. You shall stand by and see this?"

"I do. I am master in the matter," replied the host, doggedly. "It is you who are repentant. If life will be promised to give you time—to procure your priest—to hold your foe victim—you have forgotten that there is authority in my people; but I did not promise to protect you against their wicked work. Those days are past."

The father and son struggled, but they might as well have struggled with bonds of iron; and at last those determined men of Cheswold.

By the heavens above me!" cried Gowin Murdock, frothing with rage, "you shall suffer for this! The time shall come when you will bitterly repent this day's work. You have sworn to it, and you shall keep it!"

"Never mind that now," replied Lake Bissell, taking the young man by the arm, and leading him away. "Just at this present time you have no power. You must wait for that. Come, we'll make the best of it. So be easy, or I must handcuff you, and that will be a very unpleasant feeling day, which wouldn't be very pleasant to you, you perceive."

There was something so very cool and significant in Lake Bissell's tone, that Gowin fell into a state of quiet. But not so Gerald. He was utterly mad with drunkenness and rage, when he had been bound they took him out of the room.

When this had been done Silvertorne turned to Lorinda, and told her that she had better go to her chamber for a while.

"You will be safe, sweet lady; as here as here. The Supreme is here, and He will let her not go off. Lake will show you the way."

The maiden left the room with Lake Bissell, wondering tone, and clinging to the old man's hand as she passed. "Don't go away from here.—Elroy—Mr. Durwood?"

"Fear not," was the trembling glance into her face, and then, in a tone so low that she alone could hear it.

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"No more a Clifton—no more an outlawed child—but the legal son of Sir Edward Sinclair, and heir of his title and estate! There is a dream in this—no deception. It is as true true, too!"

Entirely overcome, Elroy sank back into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. It was too much. Not yet could he comprehend it—it was so vast, so astounding.

"Now," said Silvertorne, as Lake Bissell broke forth into a storm of cursing and denial, which was only silenced by the manacles that he was then engaged if he did not keep quiet. Gerald sat by, now appalled, evidently hoping that his father might find some way of overcoming this terrifying testimony.

"My good friends," said Doctor Willet, laying his chair a little further from the table, "this cause must not last much longer. I will take up the narrative for a while, and then leave it for another hand. I will tell you of this in brevity, and how much he knew of this mystery.

"Sir Edward Sinclair and Duncan Barbot were well on business, and while there he visited the house of Mr. Verbrenck, in Amsterdam, and he heard the story of a little child that was lost from that wreck. The child dress of years was lamentable. A thousand times he had wished that he might see that child, but he was dead. He traced the story out, and was led to the house of Verbrenck. The child was not at home. She had gone away, no one knew where, with a lady who had called to see her. The lady was a gentleman, and all his movements were watched by restless eyes.

"Thou hoary-headed liar!" yelled Owen, leaping to his feet, and stepping forward. "This shall not go unchecked. Does not the secrecy of the dead?"

"Sit down, sir!" said Willet, sternly.

"No simple, naked truth," echoed Silvertorne.

"Ha! and then, too, while-handed felon?" continued Owen. "It's that I am to be overcome by the falsehood of liars and outlaws?"

"Sit down, sir!" said Silvertorne, springing up from his chair. "I can bear this no longer. I shall not hesitate to silence you, if you do not keep your tongue. Sit down, sir! Owen! how art thou fallen! O, Heaven! what a wreck art thou!"

Quivering like a wind-riven oak was the man spoke—and quivering still, as he tore the long, white hair from his head, and clutched at his heavy beard, and the sinewy, fleshy eyebrows, which had so mysteriously stolen from his face and brow; but quivering no more, as he stood erect, with his hands clasped, and his eyes glancing around upon the astounded throng.

"Saul Wormley!" he cried, in a clear, ringing voice, "I recognize you.—My son! my son! Gerald Wormley! Elroy Clifton! Lake Bissell!"

And now, when the wild tumult of emotion had somewhat subsided, Sir Edward Stanton began to speak in his own strong story.

"Be patient," he said, "and you shall soon understand it all. When he was first told that I learned in Cornwall, and he has told you how I was forced to come home with an agony of exposure upon my soul. I knew he was dead, as they lived, and that Owen Murdock had hidden away the child. I resolved I would not rest until I had gained the whole truth. I had not been in Cornwall a week before I knew that Owen had tracked me to Cornwall—that he suspected that knowledge I had gained—and that he was determined to thwart me if he could. He was like a fiend, bounded in the very strength of his being, that Cheswold should fall to his son, and he would not have scrupled to take my life, but that he would not now hesitate to dip his hands in blood. All of course I knew that I must be greeted how much intelligence I had gained; I knew that I must be watched, and that I could not

DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

The little lass—the graveyard lass—
Whose Mary dwelt, was gay with singing;
For book and bird, in many a strain,
Down vale and moor, their notes were flinging;
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother;
For she had learn'd—at last—true wrong
To say one thing, and mean another!

Would'st might see love aroun' would be
If truth shone their words direction—
Heav'nward a ray might be to see
That speech now in mass, depicted;
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother!—
For she had learn'd—at last—true wrong
Nor say one thing, and mean another!

POOR HUMAN NATURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Try some of this Mocha, Mr. Jenkins," said my genial wife one of those blissfully interested smiles, which come so persuasively to his face when he talks to you of the good things he has gathered from all parts of the world for the recreation and delight of the inner man. "It is a prime lot, sir. Take home a couple of pounds and get it to a chief."

Now, of all things, I luxuriate in a good cup of coffee, and my word Mocha had a jubilant sound for my ears. So I ordered a package and took it home.

"What have we here?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, as I threw the bundle into the hall rug, among the toilet stockings to which she was supplying sundry delicacies in the way of socks and hose.

"Mocha," said I, with a dream of oriental pleasure in my voice.

"Perhaps!" There was just enough of incredibility in the utterance of Mrs. Jenkins to annoy me. The "Perhaps" of my wife, chilled the pleasant warmth of my feelings.

"We shall see to-morrow morning," was my lightly spoken answer.

"And who shall see, Mr. Jenkins." Still, the incredulity was in her voice.

"Bless me, I forgot, and make it right, my dear, and we shall have nectar fit for the gods."

"Oh, it's not bare," said Mrs. Jenkins, with just a little falling of the countenance.

"Bare, indeed! Why, sometimes the consumption of Mocha is not large enough to warrant his having it bared. But this will be in our dear you know. Let it be browned to a light chestnut tint before the morning, and ground while it is hot. We shall then have the aroma in all its fragrant freshness."

"Browned to a light chestnut color!" Mrs. Jenkins echoed. "Burnt to the color of charcoal, more likely!"

Oh, you don't trust that miserable apology of a cook with the work of browning my Arabian berry?"

"I'd like to do it then! I shall have my hands full with the children."

"Can't you browse it to-night, my dear?" I said, with the pleasantness all gone out of my voice.

"Yes, I suppose so." And Mrs. Jenkins laid the package of Mocha on the table near to which she sat, and went on with her drawing of our children's stockings.

This buying of unburnt coffee was something out of the common order of things to our household, and I saw that Mrs. Jenkins was annoyed. Little things, crossing our path at unlucky moments, often chafe us more than larger troubles.

I dropped the subject. Coffee, for the time, was an object to me, and Mocha was to be a disturber of our house-life, I would have none of it.

"I'll take that coffee back in the morning," said I, as we sat at the tea table, "and get some burnt Java, which will do just as well for me. I think about the trouble of burning."

"You'll do no such thing." She said anything about the trouble of burning?"

That tone! Mrs. Jenkins grew warm; and there was a quality in her usually pleasant voice that hurt my ears.

Now, reader, I might as well say it at once, that, however well-meaning for me each other Mrs. Jenkins and I may be—however lovingly bound to each other, if you will—we are not by any means perfect people; not models of self-control and self-denial such as we read about, occasionally, in books, but made of human flesh and blood, which is a very defective kind of material to be had, and apt to get into a muss. The law of bearing and forbearing was an essential one in our case, and when the too frequent rubs, the probabilities would have formed a very unhappy kind of life.

As I have said, the fires of Mrs. Jenkins grew warm, and her voice lowered to a quality of feeling that jarred on my ears. I had not meant my remark about taking back the coffee as a request, but as an acknowledgment of my thoughtfulness in adding anything to the burdens of household care. Mrs. Jenkins had understood me differently, or, if not so, misinterpreted come with reproof to her state of mind.

"I thought it would be a comfort," said I, but did not mind anxieties by the remark.

"You must have a very poor opinion of your wife, then, that's all I have to say, Mr. Jenkins."

A look of injured innocence came into her face. What could I say or do? Unhappily, I am a man with but small ability to disguise my feelings. If there is a shadow upon my spirit, it is very apt to reveal itself in my face. I cannot smile and talk gaily with a heavy cloud in my heart. An unmanly weakness, I know; but still, that dark cloud, and I must wear a clean breast of it.

Silence was my refuge; there was safety therein, if not success—a hiding-place, if not a way of escape. So I finished my tea without another word.

I knew, by what had passed, that our evening together, after the children were in bed, would be one of constrained intercourse. Experience had made me prescient. So I tossed down my cuffed stylish as best I could, and prepared to be as agreeable to Mrs. Jenkins as was possible under the circumstances. I talked of things that had occurred in my business intercourses through the day, and read to her from the papers I had brought home, but all went as it were, as if thought would be interesting. It was uphill work, for the responses to these subjects were on my part, was but feeble at best. Mrs. Jenkins could not rise out of the state into which she had fallen.

Twenty times during the evening did I with the two pounds of Mocha, out of which I was to have derived so much pleasure, at twice the distance of "Army the blest." Upon what unimportant trifles long the shadows or sunshine of our days.

Half an hour before bed time, Mrs. Jenkins left the sitting room and went down to the kitchen. I more than half guessed her errand. The odor of burnt coffee soon made conjecture a thing of certainty. When she returned, her face was slightly flushed, and wore a look of weariness. She made no reference to what she had been doing, and I was in too much doubt as to her real state of mind to venture a word about the Mocha, which I seemingly consigned to the antipodes.

Next morning, as I took my place at the table and glanced across to where Mrs. Jenkins sat with the coffee urn before her, I saw that something had gone wrong.

"There's coffee and there's coffee, all is dreadful-ful tone, as she handed me a cup of coffee; "but I don't suppose you'll find it to your liking."

Now, there had come to my nostrils, as I sat reading the morning newspaper, such a rich aroma, as cook boiled too vigorously my fragrant berry, that experience set aside my own idea of what was a reasonable cup of delights. The remark of my wife was like a deck of cold water. I took the cup, and as my eyes fell upon the contents. One glance sufficed. Mocha had been burned to a coal, partly in its warm bosom, but instead, there was a dull reflection from a muddy drab surface. My countenance fell, for, in that moment, I felt the pang of a bitter disappointment. My wife's cup had been made up for something delicious, but I knew how well than one draught from it would before she would scatter my vain anticipations to the wind.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Dear knows!" was the fretful answer.

I tasted the coffee, held the cup a little way from my lips, and then set it down with a sigh.

Mrs. Jenkins took up the cream jug, and looked into it curiously. Then she rang the bell for the cook to come from the kitchen.

"Is this cream?" asked my wife.

"No, ma'am, 'tisn't sour Dairy help.

"Sure and it's only milk."

"Milk! Why, you had half a pint of cream from the milkman, didn't I?"

"Feith, and I did! And I niver remembered it at all! Och! and it's too bad, it is, intirely!"

The sharp words that fell on the head of our domestic servant, were like a cold wind blowing from the lips of Mrs. Jenkins; they troubled me. I felt that the poor creature was more to be deserved all she received; but Mrs. Jenkins was in no mood to see things as a matter of painful aspect.

"Go away, Sally," said I, as cook bent a hasty retreat to her own domain. "Accidents will happen."

"I do mind, though," answered my wife, with a sharpness in her tone. "After all my care and trouble, to have everything spoiled by her stupid neglect. All the coffee vents is good for nothing."

"It will do very well as it is," said I, soothingly, and I took up the cup and drank.

Yon needn't talk in that way, Mr. Jenkins." My wife's voice was cold, and there was a tremor with no sensible impulse in her voice. "I know when coffee's not fit to drink."

Both words and manner cloaked me. Silence is my sanctuary, and I fled to its protection, in which Mrs. Jenkins may happen to indulge. So I sat by and still away from her side, and she relaxed my breakfast without further remark on the subject.

"If there's to be all this trouble about a pound of coffee," said I, as I left the house, a little without kissing Mrs. Jenkins, "I reckon something can an agreeable will be the only answer another step in the way of improvement."

Now, this was ungenerous, and unjust into the bargain, for Mrs. Jenkins had not been unkind to me, as well as Mrs. Jenkins from here.

I will only say further about a particular narrative of all the disagreeable things that happened to me during the day, that they were directly or indirectly, to an unusually state of mind, and that I was not in a fit condition to have referred. A good, but rather difficult, and sometimes unreasonable employer, I found cross, and lost, through my want of patient self-control, a place. I had lost my temper in dealing with the considerate kindness to which they were entitled, and I spoke with an unnecessary harshness to a poor woman who came with a subscription paper at which I refused to look, and felt sorely smoked on the unpleasant state of memory of her pale, hurt, and disappointed face when I turned my head impatiently from it, but enough of this. Self-adjustment had been made in his hand, and vicarious, and I was unequivocable of mind so essential to right conduct.

"I'll be home early to-day, my dear," I said, as I stood backward in search of the cause of all the trouble, and I will bring you a pound of coffee myself, I felt a sense of shame at its insignificance, "and I'll have it properly browned for you myself." And I tried to turn myself from myself, as I said the words, adding, "For shame, Mr. Jenkins!"

This impression of inadequacy as to the cause, which I had gone down, only made the shadows more deepen on my path, and a cloud of gloom since door, and took the way homeward as I walked. I felt humbled in spirit and weak as wretchedness. I was in no mood to meet my wife. But, I had to meet her, for I had promised and my state of mind had grown worse instead of better. I felt that I must confess my fault, and to look in her face—to encounter her injured, cold, or resentful expression. I felt the abasement of that constrained intercourse in which I should be compelled to sit down at the head on the door, I stood for some moments, really unable to enter. In imagination I could see was I of being in a state of mind wholly unfitted for encounter with my wife, and, having turned the key, and went in. As my eager anticipation of a pleasant evening, and the little feat start upon the landing above, and came fluttering, like bird wings, down the stairs. I knew that my wife had seen me enter, and during little Jessie's arms were about my neck. I felt her warm kisses upon my cheeks, and Mrs. Jost on the landing, as I came up the stairs, and her voice saying, "Welcome home, sweet Mrs. Jenkins. I hardly dared venture a glance towards her face; but my eyes, as they turned upon it, met a look of tenderness. I held one arm of Jessie's, and my wife's other face—the cheek to her cheek—and, in the outgoing of my heart, was with a kiss of love into my lips of lips at once.

Half an hour's burst of sunshine threw the clouds apart, and they went rolling away towards the horizon, where they rested in masses of lowers above our heads.

Not long after the melodious cup of Mocha that was my lips at supper time, or of the pleasant sparkling eyes of Mrs. Jenkins, as she enjoyed my evident delight in the fragrant beverage. I am not writing to show that Mrs. Jenkins lifted in wifely perfection, for she was human, and entering into my state of feeling about the coffee, nor to expose the annoyances she experienced at being a little put out of her regular routine of household duties; nor to exhibit, in contrast, the satisfactions that came to both of us, when she took cheerful thought as to her husband's wishes and pleasures. We are both human; both inherentiary evils and defects of character; both subject to states in which little unusual things are felt as annoyances, and against the sudden intrusions of which we are not at all times guarded. I can claim no superiority over her in this respect; and the incidents covered not quite so much against me as they do against Mrs. Jenkins.

I think each of us gained a little in the right direction by the experiences through which an incident, trifling and unimportant in itself, opened the door for us to pass; and when the sun came back into our sky again, after a brief hiding of his countenance, it found us more together, and our hearts pervaded by a more tender and considerate spirit.

The homely and common things of life, loves great influence over our mental condition, and against their serious and resentious we can never be too careful. Let us learn to be patient in the tone of voice, the merest trifle, a straw in our way, has power to make us impatient, and to throw to shadow our spirits. Firmly we stand braced for the severer shocks of life, ready to meet and to endure them; but, when we look on this mood, find ourselves troubled to the very center of our true by something of such much significance, that the after thought of it brings a flush to the cheek, and a feeling of confusion to our lips, of the words—" Poor human nature!"

THE ROMANCE OF HOUSE-HUNTING.

A STORY FOR THE FIRST OF MAY.

"O, dear me! what shall I do?"

Mrs. Raymond clasped her pretty little hands together and looked up into her husband's face, in the yet attitude of woman when she silks gracefully to ease in upon the middle of the room. Mr. Charley Villars, the fair lady's bachelor cousin, took the large fan from his hand, laid down his cigar-case and inquired with some demonstration of interest—

"Why, what's the matter, Louise?"

"The matter, indeed—that's all the considerations they have to look at. It is within a fortnight of the awful first of May—"

"Feith, and I'm afraid I'm behind-calos—ie the fire!" ejaculated Charles, parenthetically.

"Is, indeed, you are behind-hand!" Mr. Raymond protests he can't get a moment's time for the cigar his mouth, and I didn't see through the miserable equivocation! He is glad of an excuse to outdo the Vandalia! Where are you counting? Of the selfishness of husbands?"

"Why, what do you think I have to say?" said Mr. Villars, knocking the white things of ashes, and the fragment himself.

"And my first is issue?" pursued Mrs. Louise, "Why, the house, to be sure! Considerations—no! for than reposed dalliantly beneath her embroidered parasol, "Where is the house to be found—if you would only give a little attention to the subject?"

"May I be hanged if I do!" ejaculated Charley, starting up, and flinging his cigar abruptly through the open window. "I didn't come here a bachelor, if you have none of the anomalies attending on the state, to be pestered with discussions for other men's wives? I decline I'll have no more to do with it here!"

"Joe Charley?" said Louise, caverningly, by changing his tone to that of a child entreating, "I suppose on by some women or other. I was thinking for this matter of a house, and you see, it will be my destiny through life. Of course you can form an opinion for yourself, you know running! Get the agent's list—fetch me my fan—and I'll look at some—at least, I'll look at them, but consider yourself responsible!"

"O, I'm so much obliged, Charley!" exclaimed Louise, clapping her hands with a particular weight off my mind!—And I'll tell you what—I'll have the list sent to you, for you can drive about, this week—and I'll alter these letters that you've got to do, and I'll be over morning, and—"

"O, I pray!—know what a woman's promises amount to!" said Charley, ungraciously, buttoning his coat and preparing to go. "I'll not be over his eyes. "If I don't find you a house before night-fall, you'll probably have me to thank!"

But he went out, giving the door a bang that made Louise place both hands over her ears, with a little bit of a cloche.

Charley Villars, a very well-to-do bachelor about town, had, with an old connection of his father's, and a love for gossiping, which, like his silky-ness to take to back out now, a little bit of a circle.

He was a man of very excellent heart, and, with a little bit of caricature, a little bit of vanity, and a little bit of selfishness, he was, on the whole, a very pleasant companion.

He ascended the steps, losing courage at each gradual elevation, and by the time he had given the bell a tolerable pull, he felt as if he would like to get under the mat, or behind the door-post.

The summons was answered by a spectacled lady, in black bombazine, and a cap of large bugs, and to her Mr. Villars communicated his lamentable desire to inspect the premises.

"Very well, sir, if you please," said the lady, "you can see it. Is anybody living in the house?" inquired the lady, by this time rather far enough into the entry to catch a view of a smoking kitchen-range, and a pair of feet on the fire-grate, and a lovely young lady sitting among the fragrant fragments of tea-leaves, with her elder lady's voice, and none forward.

A slight laugh—a musical peal of fun twinkling under their demure bobs—golden-brown curls, full of waves, and ringlets, and the sound of a tropic vine—lips red and dewy as a-coral, and a pair of eyes—such eyes!—Charley Villars was quite certain he had never seen so pretty a creature in his life, and, instantly, all the lazy affair throughout his own luxurious bachelor-ship, and he felt as if he could have kissed the whole of the pocket of a most aggravating little elfa spirit.

"I wish you would show the house to this—this gentleman, my dear," said the elder lady, rather peevishly, "I'm busy."

"Never mind, grandmamma!" said she, reassuringly, "she is a little deaf, and don't know what you say, Mr. Villars, and I'll show you the house myself."

The lady glanced up with a mischievous twinkle in the dark of mortification which the young man's forehead.

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I think each of us gained a little in the right direction by the experiences through which an incident, trifling and unimportant in itself, opened the door for us to pass; and when the sun came back into our sky again, after a brief hiding of his countenance, it found us more together, and our hearts pervaded by a more tender and considerate spirit.

The homely and common things of life, loves great influence over our mental condition, and against their serious and resentious we can never be too careful. Let us learn to be patient in the tone of voice, the merest trifle, a straw in our way, has power to make us impatient, and to throw to shadow our spirits. Firmly we stand braced for the severer shocks of life, ready to meet and to endure them; but, when we look on this mood, find ourselves troubled to the very center of our true by something of such much significance, that the after thought of it brings a flush to the cheek, and a feeling of confusion to our lips, of the words—" Poor human nature!"

THE ROMANCE OF HOUSE-HUNTING.

A STORY FOR THE FIRST OF MAY.

"O, dear me! what shall I do?"

Mrs. Raymond clasped her pretty little hands together and looked up into her husband's face, in the yet attitude of woman when she silks gracefully to ease in upon the middle of the room. Mr. Charley Villars, the fair lady's bachelor cousin, took the large fan from his hand, laid down his cigar-case and inquired with some demonstration of interest—

"Why, what's the matter, Louise?"

"The matter, indeed—that's all the considerations they have to look at. It is within a fortnight of the awful first of May—"

"Feith, and I'm afraid I'm behind-calos—ie the fire!" ejaculated Charles, parenthetically.

"Is, indeed, you are behind-hand!" Mr. Raymond protests he can't get a moment's time for the cigar his mouth, and I didn't see through the miserable equivocation! He is glad of an excuse to outdo the Vandalia! Where are you counting? Of the selfishness of husbands?"

"Why, what do you think I have to say?" said Mr. Villars, knocking the white things of ashes, and the fragment himself.

"And my first is issue?" pursued Mrs. Louise, "Why, the house, to be sure! Considerations—no! for than reposed dalliantly beneath her embroidered parasol, "Where is the house to be found—if you would only give a little attention to the subject?"

"May I be hanged if I do!" ejaculated Charley, starting up, and flinging his cigar abruptly through the open window. "I didn't come here a bachelor, if you have none of the anomalies attending on the state, to be pestered with discussions for other men's wives? I decline I'll have no more to do with it here!"

"Joe Charley?" said Louise, caverningly, by changing his tone to that of a child entreating, "I suppose on by some women or other. I was thinking for this matter of a house, and you see, it will be my destiny through life. Of course you can form an opinion for yourself, you know running! Get the agent's list—fetch me my fan—and I'll look at some—at least, I'll look at them, but consider yourself responsible!"

"O, I'm so much obliged, Charley!" exclaimed Louise, clapping her hands with a particular weight off my mind!—And I'll tell you what—I'll have the list sent to you, for you can drive about, this week—and I'll alter these letters that you've got to do, and I'll be over morning, and—"

"O, I pray!—know what a woman's promises amount to!" said Charley, ungraciously, buttoning his coat and preparing to go. "I'll not be over his eyes. "If I don't find you a house before night-fall, you'll probably have me to thank!"

But he went out, giving the door a bang that made Louise place both hands over her ears, with a little bit of a cloche.

Charley Villars, a very well-to-do bachelor about town, had, with an old connection of his father's, and a love for gossiping, which, like his silky-ness to take to back out now, a little bit of a circle.

He was a man of very excellent heart, and, with a little bit of caricature, a little bit of vanity, and a little bit of selfishness, he was, on the whole, a very pleasant companion.

He ascended the steps, losing courage at each gradual elevation, and by the time he had given the bell a tolerable pull, he felt as if he would like to get under the mat, or behind the door-post.

The summons was answered by a spectacled lady, in black bombazine, and a cap of large bugs, and to her Mr. Villars communicated his lamentable desire to inspect the premises.

"Very well, sir, if you please," said the lady, "you can see it. Is anybody living in the house?" inquired the lady, by this time rather far enough into the entry to catch a view of a smoking kitchen-range, and a pair of feet on the fire-grate, and a lovely young lady sitting among the fragrant fragments of tea-leaves, with her elder lady's voice, and none forward.

A slight laugh—a musical peal of fun twinkling under their demure bobs—golden-brown curls, full of waves, and ringlets, and the sound of a tropic vine—lips red and dewy as a-coral, and a pair of eyes—such eyes!—Charley Villars was quite certain he had never seen so pretty a creature in his life, and, instantly, all the lazy affair throughout his own luxurious bachelor-ship, and he felt as if he could have kissed the whole of the pocket of a most aggravating little elfa spirit.

"I wish you would show the house to this—this gentleman, my dear," said the elder lady, rather peevishly, "I'm busy."

"Never mind, grandmamma!" said she, reassuringly, "she is a little deaf, and don't know what you say, Mr. Villars, and I'll show you the house myself."

The lady glanced up with a mischievous twinkle in the dark of mortification which the young man's forehead.

"Never mind, grandmamma!" said she, reassuringly, "she is a little deaf, and don't know what you say, Mr. Villars, and I'll show you the house myself."

"Is this room?" asked my wife.

"No, ma'am, 'tisn't sour Dairy help.

"Sure and it's only milk."

"Milk! Why, you had half a pint of cream from the milkman, didn't I?"

"Feith, and I did! And I niver remembered it at all! Och! and it's too bad, it is, intirely!"

The sharp words that fell on the head of our domestic servant, were like a cold wind blowing from the lips of Mrs. Jenkins; they troubled me. I felt that the poor creature was more to be deserved all she received; but Mrs. Jenkins was in no mood to see things as a matter of painful aspect.

"Go away, Sally," said I, as cook bent a hasty retreat to her own domain. "Accidents will happen."

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"Yes," responded Charley, looking straight at her face, and wondering which of his cousin's damask rose-buds her mouth most resembled.

She laughed a little, and crimsoned a little, and went up stairs with the tripping, elastic step that springs out to Lilliputian feet. Was it marvellous that the young man grew more bewildered and almost-minded every moment?

"The walls will be tinted only color the tenest perfect," Isabella remarked, by way of opening.

"I think hued brown is the prettiest color," said Charley.

"Hazel brown?" for soft!"

"Hazel brown, indeed! I didn't exactly understand. I—I——" stammered Charley, in dire confusion.

He was embarrassed how to explain that he was thinking of the lady's eyes, not of bedroom papering, so he didn't explain at all, and had the satisfaction of being conscious that he appeared like an unmitigated fool.

By the time the tour of inspection was concluded, Charley Villars knew no more whether the papers were double or single, the cabinets extra or included, or the rooms large or small, than the man in the moon, who may reasonably be supposed to be rather ignorant on such subjects.

He went straight home, and burst into the sitting-room like a meteor, greatly to Louise Raymond's astonishment.

"O, Charley, what is the matter? I did not expect you so soon."

"Did you not?" said Charley, tossing his hat upon the table, and performing a curious species of waltz-step in the middle of the room.

"O, I'm so glad! Is it laudanum?"

"No, it's not laudanum, it's—it's——"

"And where?"

"In Melrose street. I wonder what excuse I can possibly make to call again."

"Do you think it will suit us all?"

"Suit you?" You can't help being suited. Just wind I have been looking for all my life. Such a capital—such a—such a—Louise, I've found a figure!"

"Charley Villars!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Raymond, starting up, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, a wife, to be sure—the very redliness of the word—Louise! I'll never go house-hunting again!"

A wife! And what has become of my house?"

"I confound the house! I've something else to think of!" ejaculated Mr. Villars.

Mrs. Raymond looked at her cousin, with uplifted eyes and hands. But from that moment her uneasiness was in full. Mr. Villars was beyond the reach of human reason, He was over head and ears and wilderness in love.

For about a week he walked in a somewhat dreamy state of mind. Then he was in a hole of riskiness, and set in on every street in London. He purchased bouquets, bouquets, with waxen jessamine gleaming like stars from their centers of bottle-green, and waxed violets—he left them anonymously at the door. He scattered his cards about in the wedding-cake in every confectioner's window. He paid a fortune to Mrs. Broadway's confectioner who to surprise whatever—was to find the cause how the family, so as to introduce him regularly. At length, by way of a decisive measure, he determined to run it down and forthwith sent a most astonishing bouquet, with a ruby ring fastened to the prettiest moss-rose in the collection.

"To-morrow I'll call formally, and introduce myself," thought he. "A card—no, that impudence will accomplish a good deal—and the ring—that will be decided. I must live in no more lodgings, without sending Isabella. Isabella—the sweet Spanish name—how musically its Andalusian cadence melts on the ear."

Charley Villars was evidently in a bad way.

"Well, Charley," said Louise, "you'll be glad to hear that our house was let yesterday."

"Are you sure?" said he, with a start to him, to him, or to the house?

"And the new tenants are coming to look at it this morning."

"How the women do prate on about a subject of no sort of interest," thought Charley to himself, as he extended his cap, saying, with a resolute air, "I'll trouble you for a pair of gloves in my office, if you please, Louise?"

"Why, you're not going to look at a couple of skirts in the entrances hall. Louise rose to accompany him, and Charley, with a bow to the party of them, giving a strong impression of plush and powder, multitudinous silk flounces, and gold-bound bracelets. One gentleman accompanied the ladies, a tall, handsome, dark-eyed boy, with a moustache so thick and black that it looked like a fragment of the fur of the Abyssinie appendage with a pang of envy.

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Isabella's husband! Then she was only Mrs. Somebody, after all! O, it was impossible! He vanished ruby ring, the moonlight promenades on the Terrace! Isabella's husband! Was it then it was that he had preserved the anonymous? A sudden thought—an instinctive rush for the door—but, it was too late. Mrs. Isabella had caught sight of him, and, with a little scream of recognition and the sweetest smile of recognition that ever wreathed a pretty lips.

"What a very singular coincidence," said the gay!—she could afford to laugh—"to see you, Mr. Villars, in the midst of house-hunting. I hope you succeeded in finding a house."

Charley was in the most unstable reply, but the words died away on his parched tongue; At the end, with the most sheepish of countenances, while a cold dew of perspiration broke out upon his forehead and temples. Not until the accumulating party had withdrawn their forces, did he fairly breathe again!

Isabella's husband! It wasn't the disposition-ness of the case, but it was quite enough for him; she should have the bad taste to choose that husband!

Charley Villars is an old bachelor yet, devoted to cigars, newspapers, and single blessedness, and there are two maxims upon which he plus his solitary fate. One is, never to trust to appearances in this deceitful world, the other is never to go house-hunting!

THERE can most easily dispense with society who are most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general mart, like beggars, they are too poor to stay at home.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—EXTRACTED EXPLOITED FOR THE LEDGER AND ITS READERS.

HAPPY is the man who has that in his soul which can open the darkness as April can open violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of spontaneous life, is to be one of those rare women whose very blessedness of which he is himself so unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such a woman is a perpetual fountain in the midst of dark men to bewildered wanderers, as the sun was, before, sing all the scenes with like from the fresh.

LOVE, in this world, is like a reed taken from the stream—cut down, trimmed by the knife, wounded, and it cannot speak itself in three-fashion and without them, so that the whole air is filled with the perfumed breath. Can for the soul now—listen to another manner for the lips.

THE sweet impulse that is born in the breast of love—one a little Adam and the other a little Eve, are the only two beings in the world—the sweet sense of this world is the only the only Paradise.

IN South America they find the diamonds in rivers in a certain of the streets from their beds; in the streets of the world they find in hotel cabs that no diamonds are found below it in the gutters.

IT is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness. He rest upon the present, and the present is upset for his wishes.

MANY people are grateful for moderate obligations, but there is scarcely any one who is not ungrateful for great ones.

THAT is a spurious love of nature which seeks the groves only to weep in them. The true lover of nature is delighted by her smiles.

WHEN pretended qualities call for "pistols and coffee" they usually get the latter, and there is store of fight, and the coffee is cold.

MEN would have a great deal to say about the cares of office, but on the popular desk of the news of a private citizen.

OUR perceptions of the high and the holy are clearer in nerve than to jar. From the depths of dark we look up and see the light.

GIVE a little to those who ask, even though you are convinced there is no beggar; but do not give to them, but it will to you.

THE sweetest thing in God's bond. It is the bond of brotherhood which exists between the members of the family. Where this is feeble there is family.

WHEN two opposite existences are presented to you, it is your duty to choose, and not to play the part of a go-between.

A MAN is valued upon me, wife; I give you my word." "I had rather you would sometimes drop it, dear.

HEAVEN never intended that we should repose upon our oars, but to keep them in use. It is to our power to improve.

A man enterprising tradesman were to hang out for a sign, "Infidelism and dangerous pleasures sold here," he would probably be thought a fool.

THE man who walks "a thousand miles in a thousand days" is not to be compared with the man who walks uprightly through three score years and ten.

IF a man wishes to break a bad habit of undesigned time, every one of them a

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

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WE ALWAYS SEND the LEDGER to the residences of the poor, or to the hospitals, free of charge, when requested to do so by those who are not able to send it to their acquaintances at least one week before the time expires.

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THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GUSSY.

This is the title of an unusually interesting narrative which we shall commence in the next number of the LEDGER. The subject is a new one, and we have no doubt the story will please our readers.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION AND THE DAUGHTERS OF GOTHAM.

The prophet Isaiah could be satirical as well as sublime. He rebuked the fair dames of ancient Judea with withering scorn, denouncing their style of walking the streets, and heaping curses upon their toilet arrangements. In short, he liked neither their manners nor their modes, and intimated as much in more biting terms than any modern satirist would dare to use in the case of the dashing belles and sumptuous dowagers of New York. And yet it may be reasonably doubted whether the latter are much behind the fair dames of Isaiah's day, as regards the extravagances of costume. In the third chapter of his "Book," the prophet enumerates the ornaments of Zion of walking "with stretched forth necks," "mincing as they go." Ancient mincing was probably not unlike modern imitations of the ornaments and articles of dress which especially moved his spiritual withering indignation and sagacity are thus enumerated:

"The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their nets and their crescent-form like the moon, the chains and the bracelets and the mufflers, the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands and the tablets and the earrings, the rings and the nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel and the mantles and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the linen and the veils."

Now there are some "notions" in the above list, such as "tinkling ornaments about the feet" and "nose jewels," that are not at present fashionable in civilized society, but in the midst the wardrobes and *bijouterie* of the Daughters of Gotham bear a remarkable resemblance to those of the Daughters of Zion three thousand years or so, ago. The "round tires like the moon" were doubtless hoops, which we have pressed from the name given them, were about the same circumference as ordinary wheel tires. The Daughters of Gotham have enlarged upon the Judean model. Chains and bracelets, earrings and head-bands, bonnets, changeable suits, (*i.e.* dresses of changeable silk,) mantles, crisping-pins (curling-tongs,) glasses (meaning looking-glasses,) hoods and veils, are as much worn by them now as they were 3,000 years B. C. Isaiah, though he mentions by name the vanities of his age, says nothing in relation to the styles of his garbs. It is certain, however, that they could not have been more preposterous than are those of the present day.

If the inspired Hebrew could have beheld the prophets from the streets of New York in A. D. 1861, what would he have said to the "Daughters of the Land?" The hundreds of yards of silk which disguise the ankles and contempts of cost, over the sidewalks, must fall sorely upon the sensitive nerves. He would have denounced the sinful waste in terms as severe as those he used in reproving the daughters of Zion, and recommended, as a more fitting fabric for wearing than the luxurious silk, the "sackcloth," with which he threatened them. Let all lady sidewalk promenaders reflect upon these things—" walking and mincing (or lessening) as they go."

—That stern moralist, Dr. Johnson, never enjoyed himself so much as when in rapid motion. On one occasion, in the midst of a brilliant party, a young gay lady said to him that she thought he was "the most active man that ever she saw," and he replied that "if he had no duties and no reference to futurity, he would like to fill up the evening walking in a post-chaise, with a pretty woman."

So reasons Mr. EVERETT in the pleasant paper from his pen which we publish in our number. "Why may he not," he asks, "be a moralist?" No doubt his fondness for pure air and out-door exercise did much to counteract the asperity of his feelings and the soundness of his judgment. Many a by-too great neglect of the duties that he occasionally could not shirk the duties of melancholy and despondency which cumbs loved a part of his latter years. Mr. EVERETT should have been taken daily, and the "pretty women" taught to have been his wife.

We find evinced among writers in all ages a keen and lively appreciation of the beauty and strength of the horse. What can excel in poetry this thrilling description from Job?

> "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? *the glory of his nostrils is terrible.* He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, *Ha, ha!* And he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

The very words, the powerful draft horse, and the swift horse, all have their excellences. We keep fast horses, because we ride out for our health and pleasure. It is when flying over a smooth road behind them that we experience the "fine feelings" so happily described by Dr. Johnson, relieving our mind from all the cares of business, and bringing us back to our duties refreshed and invigorated.

THE SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES.

This is a brave world, but somewhat given to lying. During the last thirty years the enormity which had previously shrouded the sayings and doings of Shakespeare has been supposed to be gradually clearing away, and the private history of the great dramatist, formerly a mere blank in literary world, has been apparently breaking out of the cloud in which it was enveloped. The data whereon all the so-called developments pertain to Shakspeare and his works were derived, and on which so much capital has been made, now turn out to be arrant forgeries. The conviction is every where gaining ground that the long been waged in England, is at an end. The "Shakspeare Papers" are proved to be arrant gross fabrications. An English paper summarily disposes of the entire lot as follows:

"The Bridgewater MSS. are all forgeries. The Ireland MSS. are all forgeries. The Perkins folio MSS. are all a forgery. The 1623 Folio, known as the Bridgewater Folio, is accursed with frugal uses. The Stan Pepys in the Bendix MS. Ellesmith, 1600, at the State Paper Office, Westminster, Westminster, is a forgery. The Folio in the Shakespeare Memorial, referring to the production of 'Othello' at Hamlet in 1604, before Queen Elizabeth, is a forgery. The Coleridge Lectures are also proved to be forgeries."

Of the "Shakespeare forgeries," (considering only of two or three pieces,) Payne Collier, Mr. Knight, and others, almost fifty years ago, sold under false pretenses to contemporary with their wholesale frauds. The swindle has recently come down to literary history, and we must put it to the criminal calendar, in which the names of the original swindlers, Ireland, Payne Collier, and American Schuyler, figure conspicuously, to find its match.

With this collapse, down go the stories about Shakspeare's relations with the Blackfriars Theatre, and the value of his scarce theatre—his copyrights—a dramatic instructor of great value selected to pit before the Queen of James the—the letter in behalf from Lord Southampton—he of the Essex plot—his memorial to the Privy Council, which is in process of publication by Collier's Shakespeare facts and emendations. All are believed to be utterly spurious. Such speculation has probably been as profitable as is the present collapse.

And so, after all, we know next to nothing about the secret of the great dramatist. The parish register, his will, and a few other documents, supply the only data of any moment in relation to him, of which the world has will be likely to have, any knowledge. Nothing more, it is likely, can be gleaned from the records. And it will be difficult to hanging the "admirers of Shakspeare" for any new "MSS." for at least half a century to come.

Byron says:

> "The stout open Achilles' tomb
> And bard's Shakspeare."

The doubt was rational. When History and Biography are forgeries, why can be blamed for distrusting tradition?

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

Although the country is as yet indistinctively of the verdure, it is already beginning to be "past up Times" of commence begin to sniff the breeze with the view of imagination, and to regard it, through the telescope of the mind's eye, as "country quarters." "How shall we spend the summer?" is already under discussion in numerous family circles, and many the rural department in the business columns of the daily papers is especially consulted in the hope of finding proper premises for the solution of this question. Of course, the answer there would be no difficulty about the matter. Nothing would be more simple than a great chorus of theatres, invites the street-weary citizens out of town in a hundred directions. Herein seem to love, where the heart is light, and trust to rest at the fly, through the poetic description of Arcadia. Country quarters appear to lie and for sale, that adorn the pastoral advertisements of the parties interested, and which are to be found in every rural specialty advertising mediums. As a general thing, however, people actualize the rural quarters from the advertisement pictures

TWO HEBS.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the lither and budding weather
Of an April case of years,
Two wild lives met together
In the pouch-rim of an eye.

And each was gaily furnished,
And as beauty all compact,
From the topknot brightly burnished
To the map little foot.

Now under shadows winging,
And now lopping forth to view,
To the chirk each was singing—
Thou, the grenter of the two—

"Pass on,"—"Pooty! Pooty!"—
In a low, caressing strain,
While in answer, "Beauty! Beauty!"
Softly sounded back again.

The birds in flowers were darting,
And the young leaves came in sight,
While they stared together courting
In the peach-tree, hot nor night.

They vanished. Swift with dairies
Came the time into the year,
Till I found my heart bound
As I knew I should, at last.

Making tender, twittering basket,
That were woven on my soul,
Flying in and out the basket,
With a flock of little hens.

The snow spread all unsullied,
And the shades of winter lost
On the boughs that lately filled
Under rosy Mills Reef.

When I heard a bird, that erstyer
From the cold and frozen ground,
To the same above him flying
Half-distracted, sound about sound:

"My wings are stiff and slowly,
I am dying in my heart—
I am dying, darling."—"Sweety,"
That was every thing she said.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL HOOPER," "PRINCIPLE OF THE HOUSE," "MISS DARLINGTON," "THE VAN VALDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The fair prisoner, (for such Evelyn virtually was,) kept up correspondence with Mrs. Bilney, by means of which she fully expected to receive timely notice of anything which Beck might require of her in connection with the contemplated visit. That her letters to and from Aunt Ally were all regularly opened by "the home government," and that only those were forwarded to reach either party which could impart no dangerous information, she did not suspect, and even this was not the least link of domestic despotism and treachery towards her.

An adroit imitation of one of the kind widow's epistles was imposed upon her, which had been carefully copied from an original, excepting only its unimportant parts, and with the additional "latest information" dictated from Mr. Lynde, that several months must yet elapse before he could begin Herbert's suit," and that, even then, to the law's delays, it could not possibly come to trial sooner, than the next autumn.

Promising to keep her fully informed of everything which Mr. Lynde thought important, assuring her of Herbert's welfare, and begging her to keep up her spirits, she, the latter closed with the usual formula.

As the genuine part of this epistle was an exact copy of the language of the genuine one, and a close imitation of its chirography, and as the added portion contained no unusual strain of phraseology, and like it, was utterly without punctuation or capitals, except in the wrong place, Evelyn did not for a moment doubt its authenticity.

The young lady's reply to this letter of commune underwent a similar transmutation; but such a state of things could not long continue, without awakening suspicion in the discerning mind of Beck, to whom Evelyn's letters were always freely shown. He saw that Aunt Ally's inquiries were not always answered, that some of her news items in regard to Herbert's affairs were not referred to; and especially that Mrs. Bilney took no notice of the circumstance, which had been first reported to her, that Mr. Lynde, had been several weeks absent from town. He began to fear that something was wrong, and that Evelyn would return to his city before the trial, which was to take place in October, notwithstanding her assurances against (through her *scribism*, Mrs. Bilney), that she kept herself fully informed of the progress of affairs, and that she would be in town at the requisite time.

He did not indeed suspect that this was a forged letter, and that Evelyn was really still ignorant that the suit had been commenced, but he knew that he had an unscrupulous and unprincipled woman to deal with, and he did not dare to relax his vigilance in any point where so much was at stake. He resolved to write at once to Evelyn, and to attempt to find a messenger who should ensure the delivery of his letter, and, if possible, procure a reply from her own hands.

This would be no easy matter to accomplish. If such an espionage was kept over the young lady as he supposed, and as was many days before a favorable opportunity offered for making the attempt.

The summer was near its close, but when there were making preparations for return to town, Mrs. Sitterly remained a contented dweller on the banks of the Hudson, declaring herself unable to give up the tranquil beauty of the country. Some new freak or whim was greatly benefiting them all, and especially poor Evelyn, whose general health was greatly improved, although she regretted to say that her mind showed serious signs of alienation.

Thus she talked to her fashionable friends, some of whom "could not" leave home in their way home from more distant quarters, and all of whom gave the politest evidences to her story, and expressed unbounded sympathy for the afflicted daughter.

"Her physician recommends the utmost quiet, and a free access to all the soothing influences of Nature," said the unnatural mother, pensively.

"Ah, yes—that is very sensible advice."

"So the room will be all over bill and dale, and along the bright streams, but of course always carefully attended and protected."

"Ah, of course—that is very necessary."

"Yes"—pensively, to the poor child pauper, I must say that she has never shown the least propensity to violence, unless something of a savage."

Mrs. Sitterly's friends were "very glad" and "very sorry," and very everything which her words or looks indicated a desire that they should be. In short, they were very obsequious.

Evelyn, meanwhile, relieved temporarily from any pressing anxiety about Herbert, and growing hopeful of the future, both for herself and for one whose pure, generous heart and spotless character had grown daily dearer to her, as she reflected upon them amid these pleasant surroundings, Evelyn was improving in health, both of mind and body.

She was growing stronger in resolution, stronger to faith and trust in the Great Disposer —and better able both to discern the wrongs which were inflicted on her, and to bear them meekly.

On a bright September morning, an incident occurred to vary the even tenor of her life. She had walked out, accompanied by her usual train, Sarah the maid, little Bridy, and a big, fleecy dog of Blase's, which always followed her, if allowed to do so, and which gave a decided preference over its master. Simon, who had grown much under many years' and which did not yet despair of Evelyn, was in fact rather flattered by the attentions bestowed upon his dog, who, he thought, might in time pave the way for Alex.

Miss Sitterly had reached one of her favorite resorts on a hill, around on the projecting rock of a large tree, the branches of which overlooking a sparkling brook, she was engaged on a sketch of landscape which she had laid many days under her crayon. Beck was now at her usual working log-hut, and now off in the distance gathering flowers, and, together with the playful dog, unconsciously forming a feature in the picture which was growing under Evelyn's hands, and which stood in a fitting and appropriate point of foreground, mouldy gazing into the stream, and wondering when the lukewarm girl would have done,

THE BOOK-PEDDLER.

when a new and unexpected actor entered upon the scene.

Bending under the weight of a pack which rested on his shoulders, a tall, gaunt man was seen crossing the fields from the direction of the highway, and approaching the rustic party with the slow steps of a wearied traveller.

Evelyn's first impression was that he was an Italian organ-grinder; but, as he drew nearer, it became evident that he was a peddler of small wares, and she at once arose with the intention of retending homeward, to which exercise she was urged by a violent pantomime on the part of the grim servant girl.

But as she glanced again toward the intruder,

Mrs. Sitterly's town-house had not been closed for the season. It had been left in charge of two of the servants, and was always in readiness for any of the family to occupy the frequent trips to the city, which they had occasion to make. All inquiries had been answered for many days past, of the immediate return of the family; and yet on this second Monday of October, they had not yet arrived!

Nor were there any signs of breaking up at their country seat on that or the succeeding day.

At three was some note of preparation on Tuesday morning, for Mrs. Sitterly was going to town on that afternoon. It was given out in the family that she was to remain in the city only one night, and would return the next day.

"Perhaps I shall," said the lady to her husband.

"Right and Blase both think the case will break down in a very early stage, and that we shall never even be put upon our defense."

"So doctor of it; yet they'll probably manage to spin it out for a few days—perhaps in hopes of a proposition to pay something."

"You see their main witness will be absent."

"Yes."

"Quietly employed up here reading, sketching, embroidering, and what not, and never dreaming of a trial."

"Perhaps not."

"And being so sure from her letters (her letters, but I don't think she is to be there), and that she is not under the least restraint, they have not even subpœnaed her."

"No."

"And, having made this great omission, Right and Blase will not dare to call her. So I suppose put off to give them time to get her. Either that or for which they want to wait for Evelyn, is merely a matter of opinion, which, if I can only get the assurance, I shall be perfectly at ease about the ultimate result."

"Yes, I do: and that's just what I am going to do to-morrow. I shall be back in a couple of days, and you must see that no one has access to her to serve any papers upon her."

"Ah, yes."

"Then is the reason you will have to stay at home. It is about as important a duty as you can perform in the matter, and really it is very important."

"I know."

"If you should be wanted there, Right can manage to get you any hour; and as all should keep you informed as often as twice a day how the affair progresses."

"But Evelyn—"

"Evelyn is very *strictly, day and night, under my orders.* It is a very high one; the locks are strong and of peculiar make, (I myself had them put on), and Beck is a perfect female Cerberus, or whatever you call it."

"Yes, I see—but Evelyn—"

"He has no right nor power to break in the locks, even in case of a subpœna. Right will say so, and there is Joe and you and Blase's big dog to stop him."

"But on what pretext will you lock Evelyn in?"

"She need not be locked in excepting nights, when no outdoor exercise, and makes no refusal to obey the doctor's orders to keep her room."

"Ah, the doctor's orders?"

"Certainly. He is to come this morning and make new prescriptions. Evelyn has had too much excitement and exercise lately. Symptoms are affected by it. She will have some new medicines, and a more quiet regimen prescribed for the next few days."

"I see, and to anticipate the physician's opinions with great confidence," replied Frederick, laughing.

"I pay for his opinions," answered the wife, "and I think I am entitled to have them in season."

The physician came, and he did not disappoint his clairvoyant patroness in his docility and readiness to adopt her views. Evelyn had run rather too freely, he said; she must try the other back now. Change was the great law of nature. Even mind follow exercise, and exercise succeed rest. She had had so much liberty, he thought, nothing less than three or four days' entire seclusion would now be required to preserve the equilibrium of the system, physical and mental, and restore it to its proper tone.

So he talked in a very safe, cooling vein; while Mrs. Sitterly nodded approval, and Frederick, who was also present, sucked the head of his cane, and looked everywhere excepting into his daughter's face.

Evelyn did not object. She listened smilingly, and replied:

"You persist in treating me as an invalid when, in consciousness of no illness. But if I must stay in for three or four days—"

"Perhaps more," interposed Mrs. Sitterly, quickly.

"Perhaps more," echoed the doctor. "It is possible. I will see her at the end of that time, and then decide."

"Let me," added Evelyn, "at least have my usual walk this morning. Bridy, you see, is all ready. Sarah is waiting below, and even Bounce would be disappointed if we did not come, for I know his habits to a T."

Quite lively and—exhorant," said the doctor aside to the step-mother.

"Too—remarkably. Well, Evelyn," replied Mrs. Sitterly, who was glad to start for town within several hours yet, "I have no objection to your going out once more until we meet, as you know."

"Thank you," replied the daughter, and in a very few minutes she was arrayed, and went forth, followed by the delighted Rebecca.

The step-mother then proceeded to the request the doctor freely, because she wanted a few hours' private business and correspondence before leaving for town.

She had long possessed duplicates of the young lady's keys, and she knew how, with simple tools, to turn over and lift the main defiance of drapery without leaving any trace of her handling.

She had never found any of her daughter's correspondence excepting a few letters from Aunt Ally, of which she had already had the unpleasant task, and she might now more profitably discover something else, although she expected to be disappointed.

Miss Sitterly, most recently, had not thought it possible that her lofty supervisor could stoop to this depth of baseness. She doubted the point now, but as her keys were of peculiar construction, and as she had never discovered the smallest sign of such depredations, she thought she would run the risk, made or would be attempted.

She had two or three of Seth's recent letters, which, to "make assurance doubly sure," she had been in the habit of locking in her trunk when she went, and carrying about her person. She now made sure that no one was looking without observation, her pursuits and the doctor being engaged, and as she thought Beck very sly-sighted, she feared it, fearing to tarry less her movements than to have her discovered.

Considerable time elapsed before Mrs. Sitterly was able to begin her explorations, and the doctor, who was rather prolix in conversation, and who had evidently taken a fancy to his fair patient, was loth to take leave.

Having at last completed the prescription to be made also, on the great lady's suggestion, which the medical man said would have a tendency to keep down the violence of the nervous headache —to repress any excess of vitality, in short, 'not to make a fool of herself,' as the lady would say, her very glad to keep her room for a few days, if she did not choose to be there, he (possibly might) quite inexpressible her from going out."

Mrs. Sitterly was disappointed, but, as I said, now it was absolutely necessary he should go, and was getting rather bored also, and meditated a servant to give her warning of Evelyn's return, she looked herself in the room. Her husband had long since gladly made his escape; and began her search with great alacrity.

Leaving her thus employed, let us take a glimpse of Evelyn's morning's recreation. She had come out with a basket and satchel on, which even the stolid Sarah had not failed to observe, and which she had carried only a part of the phases assumed by her mental discomposure, and which she had not even observed them usual. When the young lady had gained the top of the ridge, however, and found a few disturbed summer was by no means alleged; she seemed to have forgotten her flowers, began her drawing or her book, and her air, when she was engaged in neither, was that of one waiting for one distracted.

Bridy quickly observed it, and was quite frightened, but Sarah, not at all surprised, told her it was "only Miss Evelyn's way," and that she was fits, and must not be crossed.

Presently the young lady was looking away from her sketch and the subject of it, and was directing her gaze towards the highway, as if in search of some object, or in fact of her search appeared.

With a quick as before, though a far lighter one this time, the book-peddler was approaching, and Evelyn saw that he was the same man who had seemed to *wonder* necessary, but this was desirable. Her heart beat high, and her cheek was crimson. Since his last visit, and Evelyn seemed quite glad to see him.

Could he tell the young lady, *or either of the* ladies, anything about Mr. Lynde? Probably not. He had grown pollier than on any of his former visits, and was evidently in a hurry to leave. Evelyn wanted to buy, she said; indeed, she was quite anxious to purchase, and was evidently disappointed. Had he them? "Certainly; but not here."

"Where are they?"

"At the store," she street pender. If the young lady will take the trouble to go so far, she can pick and choose."

"Thank you, I cannot go," said Evelyn, in a voice which trembled very unnecessarily for so simple an announcement.

"And perhaps this lady will amuse herself looking over my stock while I go and get them, if we are gone," said the stranger, handing out a small library volume.

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind, and I don't like to trouble you so much, but this young lady is in my—keeping—sir."

"Ah, indeed!"

"And I couldn't think of permittin' her to go so far without me, and it is so go along. Just see the colored pictures in it, they are worth the money. It's the most affecting and pathetic story I ever read in my life."

This and a good deal more the peddler rattled off, as he handed out another book, and evidently seemed as intent on effecting the small trade as if his life had not another thought in it. Even as the sum he had named was really only about a third of the price of the book, he cheerfully accepted Sarah's attention.

"The picture is beautiful," she said. "I'll get it for my little sister if I there it was a moral story, but I don't see no moral to it," she added, turning to the last leaf.

"It's a very good story, Sarah, I assure y ," said Evelyn.

The other girl, whose face had been wrenched into some frightful smiles, looked at Miss Sitterly as though she considered her rather doubtful authority; but she continued to examine the

attractive book; and the stranger and Evelyn, having slowly entered, the servant almost unconsciously followed, with her eyes still riveted upon the coveted volume. Becky and Bounce brought up the rear.

The distance was short, but poor Evelyn trembled so violently, while traversing it, that it would have been impossible to conceal her singular emotion from the watchful Sarah, if the stranger had not continued to occupy her attention.

"If you take it," he said, seeming intent on the rain, "and are not satisfied, you have the privilege of changing it for anything you like better the next time I come, and that's what I would not do for everything."

Sarah said that was fair, and she proclaimed it a bargain.

They were soon at the roadside where a gate opened into the field, and a little way beyond the wagon stood.

It was an extraordinary vehicle for a peddler, Sarah thought; for it was light, open buggy, and as there were no boxes to be seen, she concluded they must be inside of the box-like seat, though certainly there could not be many. They had passed through the gateway, and Evelyn stood, pale and trembling, holding fast to the horse, and casting furtive glances towards the house, which was about forty rods distant, and from which the party must have been plainly visible if any one had been looking for them.

"If you—we are all ready," the stranger whispered to her as he passed her, and then said aloud:

"I will untie my poor chap's horse, and let him cross a little grass, and then we'll be off in the bookie."

"Why, what on airth is the matter with Miss Evelyn?" exclaimed Sarah, whose eyes had suddenly rested upon her darling. "Why, bless me, if she isn't a tremblin' like a leaf!"

A serene, followed by a succession of shouts, was at this instant heard in the direction of the great house; and a half a dozen people, with no less a personage than Mrs. Sitterly in the van, and her husband close behind, were seen running towards the group gathered around the mysterious peddler's carriage.

"Ta, now, my bird," said the stranger, who fairly lifted the light girl into the seat, and stepping to her side, he tightened the reins and gave a signal to his horse, which sprang forward with the gait of a mettled racer, just as the stall, rather than the tired hack he had been represented.

Sarah, faithful to her trust, had not only noticed the absence of Evelyn, but, turning quickly to the horse's head, grasping at the lines, but only to be flung violently to the ground by the frightened animal, which bounded like a rubber ball along the hard, smooth road.

"They'll leave fleet steeds that follow," said Mr. Jacob Sitterly, "but not enough to overtake the iron horse, whose hot breath you can see rising among the trees yonder, preparing to up the river. It is less than a mile to the station, and we shall be there as soon as he."

Evelyn was seated just aforesaid. They might yet be overtaken, but she was conscious that if she escaped she would never again accept the shelter of her step-mother's home, unless she could have satisfactory proofs of her mother's extinction.

Towards her father, despite the most earnest attempts to avoid such painful feelings, she could not express emotions such as indignation and contempt. He either could not or would not protect her. Whatever traits he had once been of virtue in his nature (and she thought poor girl that she could remember that there was at had been kind and gentle to her) had been bartered away, and he was ready to receive any kind of outrage for his last birthright of manliness and honor.

Oh, what bitter tears had she wept for him—for him, whose fond caresses had come, as some of it must, of awakening to a sense of his own infancy, as a remembrance of the years of wretchedness he had occasioned her—for the tangled heart which, even in infancy, had looked wistfully upward to him for support, but which now fled in terror from his presence.

Mr. Jacob Sitterly's mannerism, as he had displayed his genius, was a veggies low standard in the Sitterly line, an old friend of Evelyn's whom the latter had made known his dilemma, and who had suggested the plan of extreme expedience and revenge which he had thus far so successfully carried out. He was a shrewd, quick-witted, down-east Yankee, who had seen families come from Maryland with the whole coast of politics, to be able to imitate their peculiarities.

He was, although only two; he had chosen his horse and vehicle to-day with care and sagacity; he had not left much by the wayside, and though he had calculated his time with the greatest nicety, that he might neither be overtaken nor late as the cars, yet more than two minutes too soon. For he knew that if discovered by pursuing, as he unfortunately had been, it would not require more than that time to start a monster on horseback in pursuit, who might raise a hue and cry, and intercept him before he had gained the station.

The traveler feared that Mr. Gilton had not miscalculated the movements of the enemy.

Mrs. Sitterly's exploration in the sitting-room, her's rooms, after a long and ruthless search, had, on the spot of its accomplishment, been rewarded by a discovery. A folded kerchief, as she explained it, she thought gave back a slightly rattling sound to her touch, and she opened it and carefully opened its snowy folds, to find a letter within, at the first glance which she was certain had never passed under her inspection, and must have been in some way "smuggled" across the frontier."

Instead of the small cramped hand and faded ink of Aunt Jolly's superscription, there was the bold, sharp penmanship which she had no good reason to know was that of Seth Lynde.

She opened it, and grew pallid with wrath and fear as she perused its contents, evincing, that it was only of a recent, hasty, and some extent means, had been received and answered during the interval of several weeks, and that both parties to the correspondence were fully aware of the deeds and designs which she had practiced upon them.

Greatly excited and incensed, yet resolving that their knowledge should not benefit them, and that Evelyn should now at once be both apprehended and watched, she started for the lout and road on.

New lessons met her eye. That day was fixed for Evelyn's escape. "Our Yankee peddler," wrote Seth, "will go up in the early train on Tuesday. He has already engaged a carriage and a fleet horse at the village. He has, to-morrow you to the station, or if, for any cause, he fails to reach it in time for the train, he will himself bring you to the city, by whatever indirect route may be necessary to escape pursuit. Be ready and do not falter. Precisely eleven o'clock is the hour at which you may expect Gilton."

"And it is already a quarter past," exclaimed Mrs. Sitterly, in dismay.

She stopped to read no further, but rang the bell violently, and then, without awaiting an answer, hurried down stairs like one distracted. In every step she stopped to ring, and she shouted to the wondering servants, as they successively made their appearance, bidding them to run after Evelyn—to send Mr. Sitterly after her—to send Miss—to send the coachman—she knew not what.

When she reached the lower hall her astonished husband met her, and inquired what was the matter.

"Look! Look for yourself!" exclaimed the enraged woman, who had caught sight of the fugitives through a window.

"Those young rascals have actually dragged away with a peddler! Fly, now, all of you! It is not too late to stop her yet.

Fresh cries seemed to succeed bidding, but, as has been said, even no was contemplated by the fugitives, which they had left many miles far aside her dignity.

She did not run for, however, for she saw the was useless, when Gilton's horse had started, and she ceased, also, her cries and orders.

"To the stable—quick! Saddle Duke and Brown Bess! You can easily overtake them on you and Joe—or better still, here, Simon."

The horses were quickly brought out and saddled, and Simon not reluctantly mounted one (he was a good rider), while the coachman sprang as eagerly upon the other.

"We'll catch them," said Simon.

"Of course we will," said the lady, rocking up a mysterious looking case to her brother-in-law, which she had herself been to fetch from the house.

"We've said is that for, my dear? To what want these," said Frederick, turning pale.

"Nonsense, my dear," answered the elder, dashed forth, "yet it is well enough to have them in case we should meet with a bear, or talk about that villain's knee, for instance, to stop the train."

"It's rather dangerous" really hope Simon will be prudent."

"Oh, yes, discreet indeed!" replied the gunning woman. "He loves her as John loves cocoa from the house.

"Well, I said is that for, my dear? To what want these," said Frederick, turning pale.

"Nonsense, my dear," answered the elder, dashed forth, "yet it is well enough to have them in case we should meet with a bear, or talk about that villain's knee, for instance, to stop the train."

"It's rather dangerous" really hope Simon will be prudent."

"Oh, yes, discreet indeed!" replied the gunning woman. "He loves her as John loves cocoa from the house.

"Oh! I think you may say—you pretty well, my dear."

"Pshaw! I? Well, I will have it better here after. Let me once get her again, the hussy! She shall not get away from me. They are going, Fred! See! Simon is certainly gaining on them!"

During this colloquy neither party had removed their eyes from the road, which was now plainly visible for a long distance, and just behind the bounded and with stood a group of persons also eagerly gazing, while close, while two or three had climbed upon the fence to obtain a better view.

"Simon is certainly gaining," answered Frederick, who had taken the field glass to look her.

"Then you will be out of sight from here in a minute or two; let us go up to the observatory and watch with the glass."

"Oh, yes, so we will. I had quite forgotten that we had an observatory. Let us go up to it."

From there we can see the road distinctly all the way to the station, and miles beyond," said Mrs. Sitterly, as they hurried into the house; "and I do so want to see them in the very moment that Simon stops them," she added, as they ascended the second flight of stairs, poor dear.

Mr. Gilton soon found that he had a difficult task in hand, for it would avail him nothing to overtake the fugitives, if they could reach the railroad station before the train started, for then he would be powerless to prevent them from his charge dropped from the cars by the time he could get back to the station, and that for whom he had no legal power to oppose.

Whatever trifling trials, then, though probably visible, was served miles distant, he calculated that, at the present speed, he would reach the depot full ten minutes, and which, under present circumstances, would be a minute or two more than sufficient, for they would give the enemy time to come up before the starting of the cars.

It was under these circumstances that Gilton had slightly relaxed the reins in the hands of Miss Bliza and the conclusion to diminish the distance between himself and them, much to the consternation and that of their friends at the great mansion.

But with his eye now upon the train and now on his horse's ears, and attention divided, he espied with in hand—with a taut rein, and on the left side—a conveyance, or, as the down-east gir—the shrewd, cool Yankee was making some extremely close calculations.

The two vehicles were precisely four miles ahead. He had three minutes the start of the horsemen, two of the train. Besides, there would stop a minute at each place, and he was certain he had not gained a single minute upon no hour.

"We are caught if we stop here," he said, rather thinking aloud than addressing the now appalled girl. "Can you ride, Miss?"

"Will my you?"

Mr. Jacob paused and whistled to his steed, the latter, as if conscious of the necessity of pausing only for a moment, sprang forward with fresh speed, and threw a shade more anxious.

"Why—why—he don't turn off towards the depot, Frederick!" exclaimed Mrs. Sitterly, as he hours right on down the river."

"No! he is, then they'll surely be caught. They are gaining on him yet, is t"

"Yes, I think they are, and he goes faster than he did. He must have a fine horse; and he should have Brown Bess isn't quite what we're thought, after all."

"Oh, yes—that's all right. But else isn't much used to the saddle, and Simon is no great rider. I only hope he won't be thrown."

"I hope he will, if it is necessary. I can sure he knows what course to open the horse to save a case. I'd rather they would both drop dead on the moment than that they should not have her get away now, and so would you, if—"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"He knows it, at all events," muttered the lady, still holding the glass.

"What?"

"Nothing their own! That won't do much good half a mile below. Let me see."

"Well, what do you think?"

"They are going like the wind, all hands," said Frederick; "and they though, my dear? Himself it is that is going—going to be the first soon see that now so—"

"Nonsense! I see you would as soon see," was the pulsant answer. "Will they catch them?"

"Why, yes, certainly they will. Bless his guished a great deal since I looked last. Yes, he'll catch 'em, and the horsemiles keeps its present speed."

"What difference will that make?"

"What difference? Why, don't you see that if he train gets a—gets—gets, and leaves there before Mr. Peddler arrives, that Evelyn can't get aboard? And then Bliss is sure to catch them within the next few miles. But if she once gets on the cars, of course the game is as"

"Ah, yes" exclaimed the wife; but, after a brief interval, she added; "But it appears to me the train goes very slow."

"Thirty five miles an hour—every inch of it."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh—oh will you thus in two minutes now, and all will be safe."

"Yes, I am glad—Let me look now."

But the question was not entirely settled. When the locomotive screeched forth the signal of its approach to the second stopping place, Gilton was running neck and neck with the iron horse, and the latter was a shade, had been left more than a third of a mile behind, with only Frederick's speed to assist him.

He no longer looked at his watch nor at his passengers, but kept his eyes upon his horse's sides, and upon the road—his heart beating so violently that he thought he could hear its pulsations, his signal forward his noble animal.

"Oh, good—good—good!" cried Mrs. Sitterly. "If they'll walk *five seconds* we're safe."

Miss Sitterly obeyed without speaking.

"Again! Again! Higher! Keep it ahead!" Mr. Jacob was heard. They hear the signal for starting at the moment that they drew within a little dwelling, down which a road leads from the highway to the river. They also saw this descend they are abreast of the twelving passengers, and Gilton, and Gilton, and Evelyn from his buggy, entering the native girl as she emerges after him, and on the left part of the last car, he safely deposits his precious freight.

"He will meet you at the other end," he says, and she waves an adieu to the gallant stranger, and disappears from view as the car makes train moves on.

Mr. Gilton turned around, he saw his pursuers rapidly coming up. It was too late to get out of the way, unless he abandoned his horse and his steed but fired hence, then he was disposed to interpret into the hands of the enemy. He proceeding on the side of his wagon.

"Want any hosses for sale, is a drawling nose, as Bliss, with fury in his eye, rode up to him. He had leveraged his small pack to light, and had again mounted his splendid steed, as he addressed.

"Who are you?" said Simon, who had witnessed with unutterable chagrin, the escape of Miss Evelyn.

"A peddler, sir—got some real nice hooks here. Hosses, I mean. Anything you want, sir? Has been a hollerin' on me so long."

"That your wife in the wagon?" You'll have to answer for abducting this young lady."

"Ah, indeed!" said the shrewd peddler, with a sneer. "I'm glad you've found somebody, sir. The girl wanted to go to town, and I thought I'd be where to call a hoss trader, for all his appliances of horse work, which Nelly never failed to bring up in the right spot, made little advance in those hours, when, left to herself, it would have been a long, and clearly the work of odd trials of bitter, unprofitable thought, self-reproach and gloom.

She was roused from her vented solitude of meditation on the present necessity of the safety of her child's hand upon her own. She started, and, looking hastily around, saw that Nelly had heard Ida approach.

"Nelly, Nelly dear, Nelly saw her child's face turned up to her very pale and with a scared expression of fear on its pretty face, while she was evidently scarcely able to command her voice.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed, "Ida! Ida! Has any one hurt my baby?"

"Not hurt me, mother," the little girl said, slowly, and with some difficulty, "but it's something—I don't know what—in the pond, under the cliff far shore, where the Chloe's small turbined on the bottom very old Dr. Sparrowgrass! I was gathering the nine flowers, there is lots of them, and I saw something down a little bit, and was just getting in; and in cause' the flow I saw something—I couldn't—I touched it, Ida, she'd like dead, mother, as she'fel."

The child paused, and put to her head, and hold it on her mother's bosom, as she finished her sentence.

"You shouldn't have gone so far, my darling," said Nelly, while she soothed and fondled the little to her lap.

"I like the blue flowers; I wanted them so for you," said the little girl, plaintively, "but I never will any more, mother."

"Of course you will, dear, was it to frighten you? a poor little bird, I suppose, fallen from its nest."

Ida shook her head—"Oh, no! no, it wasn't, mother, it was like—like—like—I was just like Ida."

As she spoke she held up the little buttoned boot, and pointed to the ankle.

"*Ida?* what do you mean?" exclaimed Nelly, in a tone of surprise, and which was at to frighten you?

"It was, mother, only worse—it was *bone!* Oh, mother, don't, go, please."

"Ida, I mean you! I must go; my child, my here! I will not be long—I will not be gone from you, my darling, but I must consider what course took."

Ere the words had passed her lips she was running up the rocky causeway, moved by the fear that her darling's words had, and perhaps alone—she reached the summit of the flowery bluff, and looked around, and down upon the ground. Before her were the black rocks, almost concealed by the tangled vines, which, as she supposed she saw the scattered limbs of the nine flowers which poor Ida, in her fright, had let fall, and the thick tufts which, sheltered and concealed by these vines, grew all the fern, showed this to be the one she indicated. Nelly shuddered as she saw the dangerous footing on which the child had ventured; but with a quick, keen step she proceeded, and stooping, removed the flowers, and parted the overgrown vines, and the lower leaves of the mountain fern.

With a cry of horror she started up; her hand had touched, her eyes had fallen upon the object which had caused the fear of Ida.

A skeleton hand!

There it lay, all rigid, bony fingers clutched as in the death agony—there it had lain, who could say how long? how the winds and the rains, the tempest and the sunshine, had passed over and silent relic of humanity, beneath the covering ferns.

Nelly recovered herself; again that suspicion urged her to seek further—was there no more? Yes, there was more, much more. But what to do?

She stooped again; hurriedly she plucked away the fern leaves, scattering them around, peering with eyes into the sunless depths of the dried-up earth beneath.

Suddenly a glitter as of metal caught her eye, and there, with the bony clutch she grasped one of the object, and, amidst a handful of dust and mouldering leaves, she brought it into daylight.

A ring! she sprang to her feet, and with distracted eyes gazed upon it.

An exclamation of dismay broke from her lips. The next moment she had caught up the guard skeleton hand and was pressing it to her bosom, as she sank to her knees, and gazed, in a broken voice—

"My husband! he was murdered—and, oh! God, forgive me!—"

She had no utterance for the dread truth which rushed upon her mind with a certainty that mocked at the possibility of doubt.

The ring was one that had been her mother's

—a massive, massive jewel, of ancient and most peculiar fashion and device.

It had been handed down from the grandfather of her parent, who had found it on the beach after a wreck of which this was the sole vestige that ever came on shore.

At her mother's death she had left it in charge of her daughter; and at their betrothal Nelly had given it to Anton, whose finger it had never left. Ida, she remembered now, had on that last and night, how as he dashed his hand upon the table, the child had pointed to the glitter of the ring, and it had half recalled her to horror in the thought of the tender words with which she had put the treasure on his finger. And this was how it had been sorrowful years, she found it! And these—these decaying, unequalhand bones were his! This the form, loyal hand which in life had been her stay and protection!

As by a sudden light, all seemed made clear to her. Vague suspicions, half uttered words and looks, unexplained till now—all were recalled, and, swift as thought, she summed up the terrible conviction.

Her husband had been foully dealt by; and but one man could have been the murderer—that man now climbed her for his wife—she shared his guilt, and had been the accomplice of his crime.

Not by degrees, I say—not even by the lapse of time by the recurrence of many words—came that truth upon her; but swift, full, entire, in all its horror.

The shock fell, yet left her sobbier stunned nor weak.

The first sensation, strange as it may seem, was of relief.

It was the realization of a vague, haunting dread, an undefined fear, and now the certainty was, in one certainty—so far, relief.

Next, woman as she was, came the idea of revenge.

As she rose from her knees, still clinging to her bosom the skeleton hand, and with it the ring, the resolve was made; the time, the place, the manner, the how, all was clear to her mind, and must be, all were there, the one object for which she had lived and lived—and lived in vain.

A faint cry reached her—the voice of her little life, and recalled her to the present.

She had forgotten her child! She stepped—what was that she? that old child—Ida—he had saved *her life?*

Ida, a weak child, half fainting; the fever strength of that passion was over, and she knew that she had remembered that Ida was to avenge her husband was denied her, then to die.

Ida, her child, her darling, her life!

Flight was all that remained. As she clasped once more Ida to her darling and her breast, she hurriedly hid away the ghastly treasure in the grave to relax her beating heart and trembling limbs, and to calm her features, if possible.

She never felt the ground over which her feet rested, nor remembered how she reached the road—only once, then to leave it for ever. When she reached not Ida was safe, and to be away, away, from sight and hearing of the fever that was now burning in her brain, and of the murderous hand which had deprived her husband of life.

Away from the shelter of his accursed roof, which might yet cover the hideous deed and the witnesses to his guilt.

Away with her child, for ever, from the atmosphere of bloodshed and treachery she had unconsciously breathed there, and from which the horrible temptation which she felt would not leave her.

"I could see not him again! I could not hear him speak, but I could kiss him with it!" she cried.

"If he dreaded it, if he confessed he! it! she! My God! what was I to do? I could not! I could! I could! I could! I could!

Poor Ida, terrified at her mother's mood, was sobbing violently, and in the wildest fear, when Nelly rose.

"You can't, Ida! you can't, my child! quick, I must be quick—if he should be here before us to the train! Quick!"

It was yet early, when, panting and exhausted, they reached the depot. All was as she had left it. Meglorn was still absent, but she knew that the moment he arrived.

It was needful that by no sign should he be apprised of her flight. She must take with her Ida's ticket, which she purchased, and, when turned with bustling from any of his gifts, of which she had many.

Her stock of money was small indeed; she must have more, but how to get it, or even her ordinary dress a dark scarf down of her from the house, troubled the child wearily; then, lifting her in her arms, stepped out from the unconscious Meglorn, and left him.

There was no moon, but the stars were shining clearly in a cloudless sky.

She paused as she drove to the door, and listened. The sound of the rushing waters of the waves upon the beach came faintly from below.

She had quitted the house by the back door, opening upon the water, and resolved to fly right straight across it to some distance from a long, low house, situated in the upper direction, she had, seeing in her senses, might believe that she had turned down the river, and so lose her trail to security.

Slowly crossing the barren ground, she entered upon the wide downs where, setting little his feet, she walked with her child, to save her the necessity of all speed, and, taking her by the hand, she proceeded on to avoid pain. The stars gave little light, and beneath the deep swells of the downs it was difficult to keep the line of being soon, even had any been abroad to watch them. But she had listened and her heart beating so deeply every thing would be lost in the din, she ceased to weigh in favor for the speed she made. She knew that it was in all probability, even from when she must awake at last, and now and again she stopped to rest, and then hurried on again.

But to by her hand upon her bosom, to touch the ring there, to keep those fingers in contact with it, and to the poor little companion of her flight, she had no fear. She was not on the root moment of danger had not yet come.

It was not, in all probability, even from before Meglorn returned—more are he would have missed her, and, more than it seemed so hopeless, Nelly was almost on the point of turning back, so shaken and weak was she from her efforts, when the dark figure of a man appeared before her.

But, alas! the poor little girl began to cry, and the lovely angel was the hand of her mother.

Nelly had thought it best to let her walk now and then, she would sleep, yet still she must be moving.

"A little further, dear pet, only a little way, then we shall sit down; see, there is the wood where Ida gathered the nuts."

"My leg ache so bad," said the weakly child, in a plaintive tone, that went to the heart of the poor mother.

She stooped to take her in her arms, clinging the burden she carried to her voice; she had

IT IS WELL.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Is the house so still that but lately rang
With the silver tones of an infant's tongue?
Does that room lie silent where we used to meet
For the stricken child from day beneath tent?
Is the cradle empty, and the mother's breast
Is her brother's arms laid to early rest?
No throb of anguish, no moan of despair
No dying pang will she know more.
But safe and sheltered, and crowned and blest,
They've taken faith entered her fort rest.
Ah! earth's best homes are but drear and still,
Compared to the bliss of the mansions above,
Would that thou still her look from these regions fair!
Very entirely, young mother, is most her there.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SKELETON HAND.

Nelly and Ida had passed a fearful one beautiful evening, a few weeks after the burning of the house, and the bonkies themselves, and Ida, reposing on the part of the youngest, in a favorite attitude, was fast asleep in the chair.

It was Ida's chosen resort, for here she might watch and wander at will; here abounded in profusion her dear mother's flowers, here, as she best sent for her mother was to be found, with whom to tell a little bundle, for all the appliances of her work, which Nelly never failed to bring up in the right spot, made little advance in those hours, when, left to herself, it would have been a long, and clearly the work of odd trials of bitter, unprofitable thought, self-reproach and gloom.

She was roused from her vented solitude of meditation on the present necessity of the safety of her child's hand upon her own. She started, and, looking hastily around, saw that Nelly had heard Ida approach.

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The child paused, and put to her head, and hold it on her mother's bosom, as she finished her sentence.

"You shouldn't have gone so far, my darling," said Nelly, while she soothed and fondled the little to her lap.

"I like the blue flowers; I wanted them so for you," said the little girl, plaintively, "but I never will any more, mother."

"Of course you will, dear, was it to frighten you? a poor little bird, I suppose, fallen from its nest."

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As she spoke she held up the little buttoned boot, and pointed to the ankle.

"*Ida?* what do you mean?" exclaimed Nelly, in a tone of surprise, and which was at to frighten you?

"It was, mother, only worse—it was *bone!* Oh, mother, don't, go, please."

"Ida, I mean you! I must go; my child, my here! I will not be long—I will not be gone from you, my darling, but I must consider what course took."

Ere the words had passed her lips she was running up the rocky causeway, moved by the fear that her darling's words had, and perhaps alone—she reached the summit of the flowery bluff, and looked around, and down upon the ground. Before her were the black rocks, almost concealed by the tangled vines, which, as she supposed she saw the scattered limbs of the nine flowers which poor Ida, in her fright, had let fall, and the thick tufts which, sheltered and concealed by these vines, grew all the fern, showed this to be the one she indicated. Nelly shuddered as she saw the dangerous footing on which the child had ventured; but with a quick, keen step she proceeded, and stooping, removed the flowers, and parted the overgrown vines, and the lower leaves of the mountain fern.

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She stooped again; hurriedly she plucked away the fern leaves, scattering them around, peering with eyes into the sunless depths of the dried-up earth beneath.

Suddenly a glitter as of metal caught her eye, and there, with the bony clutch she grasped one of the object, and, amidst a handful of dust and mouldering leaves, she brought it into daylight.

A ring! she sprang to her feet, and with distracted eyes gazed upon it.

An exclamation of dismay broke from her lips. The next moment she had caught up the guard skeleton hand and was pressing it to her bosom, as she sank to her knees, and gazed, in a broken voice—

"My husband! he was murdered—and, oh! God, forgive me!—"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

filtred her up, and, in a cheering tone, bid Ingun to comfort her, when voices fell upon her ear.

She stood still, and her breath stopped; they came nearer, and, from the wood she was approaching, two tall figures emerged, and came across the downs towards them.

The taller one was speaking, and she recognized the voice of Basil Meghern.

It was well fright deprived her of the power to cry out.

With one effort at self-preservation, she sprang aside, and crouched beneath the slight elevation of the plain, unconscious even which course they might take. As she did so, her bundle, fit to reveal, part way, slipped, and fell.

She beat tremblingly over her child, grasping her to her breast—her head swung, she feared she was going to faint, but her eyes, wide open, were fixed upon the men.

They came, nearer, nearer—she heard the very words of the shorter, in earnest reply, but they failed to convey any sense to her brain—she wondered them as they came—she felt she could scream, so intensely wrought were her feelings —and, to their ground on, unconscious, she blessed God with her voice, as in her heart.

A few paces on the shorter man stumbled, and, still on guilt, kicked from his path the stone, as he supposed, nothing but a stone, from the spot of where the trembling fugitives lay concealed.

Not till the two were well out of sight, still they stood, then got within sight of the ghost from the house window, did the woman rise from her position and resume her flight, with her son added for upon her.

What was the purpose of these companions? whence did they come and might they not return?

She doubted now whether ever the woods would afford them safe shelter, and felt that she needed a few minutes of repose, and to think over, even though briefly, the best way of proceeding.

Again taking her child in her arms, and reassuring her bundle, she hurriedly fled into the wood, where pallid bats were still awake to lose in happier days; and, cocking out a spot where she undertook was sound from observation, and the trees standing close, afforded some shelter, even in their scanty spring dress, she laid her child on the heaped leaves of last autumn, which here accumulated undisturbed; and while she gave her self-conference in the rear of the house.

The entrance was closed by a rude bulletin door; the floor was strewn with rotting straw and refuse of all kinds. The roof was almost open to the sky, for the first inch of rain would clothe the mole-me hole within.

Yes, to her surprise, following the indication of his companion, he peeped through the window, and perceived the form of a child.

In a far corner, upon a few garments heaped together, little Basil lay.

Upon the ground beside her, and huddling herself close to the wall, sat Ingun, the wife of the mother cat. Her head was turned from him, but, by her motionless attitude, she concluded she slept.

A suppressed exclamation burst from Basil.

Yaxmans had laid his hand upon the gate, but Meghern sharply arrested him.

"Let them be, let them be, they are worn out, they will sleep on; I have them safe enough, and can seize them in the morning."

"Here," he added, in a whisper, "help me down from the window, for I am not sure that I am secure. So, my dame, there's no cash to your fare? Will finish up your job in the morning's work; come, my lad—and, Yaxmans, not a word of this, for I am under no one's orders, and this is a tavern, and you know what a woman's tongue is."

"Ay, her hanged many a man," was the agreeable rejoinder, "and I'm sorry for the poor fellow's plight within the doors of the "Trouble House."

Meghern frowned, for he thought the unnecessary company met his ear; he would have returned, and had already laid closed his door, when the sound of a voice arrested him out the fog, and as he perceived who were his companions, he stood to listen.

"Who are they?" said Basil, gruffly, still standing outside the window.

"Strangers, Cap'n, every one," the landlord replied. "The Trouble House is open to all comers. They're undertakers from Keresley, born to a burying. Of course great news is expected, and stopped here to bait the horses; they'll be off in an hour, or less maybe."

The other still hesitated.

"There's a jolly few," the landlord went on; "and I've no prime a ham and cheese in the cat, and you're welcome."

"There, there, that will do," said Meghern, impatiently; "I suppose we may as well."

He hesitated, followed close by Yaxmans, and the two seated themselves by a small table in the chimney nook, which the landlord hastened to surround off from the view of the general company, and, producing a bottle of rum, from the tolerably good sight of the rest of the room.

While they seated the second man to their orders, Yaxmans availed himself of this advantage to look about him, and perceived the poor mother and child. Meghern, who had not perceived them, followed his friend's eye, and, as he perceived who were his companions, he stepped through the door.

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"Ay, her

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A LITANY.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Spirit of all my sad behavior,
Will I love Thee, O, my Saviour.

Well I love Thee, on Thee leaning,
Now I appreciate love's meanings—
Thy love, me from worldlows weaning.

All life's sweet and bitter tasted;
All my years and moments wasted,
Slow to Thee, my hurt heart healed.

Wooing tenders all despised,
Giving all where none was needed,
Well to me Thou blessed indeed.

Let the woman's soul be shriven,
None can give this side of Heaven,
Unto me this love I've given.

Sealed am I with earth pollution—
Stamped the sign of retribution—
Give me Thy love's dissolution.

Win me from the world's hopelessness,
Save me from the world's delinquent,
Fold me in Thy encumbrement.

By grandeur of Thy tenderness,
By Thy mercy, all was wanting,
By Thy last cry's sad beseeching,

By that prayer, "Forgive," still sounding
Through the ages, Thy compassion,
By Thine anti-lewish cruel wounding,

Take the love my life is saving,
Take my being's crucifixion,
Lest I wander in the gulf!

A WILD BOAR HUNT.

BY STEPHEN BENNETT.

While travelling, a number of years ago, through the State of Massachusetts, I stopped one cold, stormy night at a small country inn. The bar-room was pretty well filled with a class of sovereigns called loungers, who formed a semi-circle in front of a rousing fire, and seemed intent upon extracting the greatest possible amount of comfort from their agreeable and fortunate situation. They made room for me, however, with that genuine politeness with which strangers are generally greeted in respectable society; and they did not stop to ask me impertinently from hand to foot, and from foot to head, and mentally "guess" and "calculate" who and what I might be, they believed with great civility and not as rude questions.

A few minutes later, and while the landlord was gone to order me a comfortable supper traveller ordered, with whip and saddle-bags, and asked to have his horse attended to immediately. He was a man about thirty-five years of age, well-dressed, and had the air and manner of one who had been much about the world; and was evidently a little above the rank and file of his companions, he enlarged the circle before the fire, and it was discovered that he only possessed an arm and a half, one having been amputated at the elbow, in at once became an object of such wonder and curiosity that I have thrown completely in the shade, and felt that I might now withdraw without even being noticed in the least.

For some time, however, no one ventured to be inquisitive; but I could see, by looks, gestures and occasional whisperings, that curiosity was fast getting the better of politeness; and at length one of the wondering group, sitting nearest the stranger, gently touched his dangling sleeve and said:

"If you'll excuse me, mister, what might it have been?"

"Chris!" returned the stranger, gravely and politely.

The man looked a little foolish, and his companions stared.

"I guess you mistake," said the speaker, tapping his arm. "I mean how did you have you come—that did it, then?"

"A wild boar did it, but I am not acquainted with the ox," politely returned the stranger, without any change of countenance, though I fancied there was the very slightest twinkle of his gray eye, as far as location he fixed it upon me.

"You don't understand me yet," persisted the questioner. "What I want to get at is, if I did use to know to know how it came to long your arm?"

"Oh, yes, I see—I beg your pardon?" blandly smiled the stranger. "It was amputated."

"What for, if I may ask?"

"To save the remainder of the arm—the part that you see is left."

"Oh! I understand all that," pursued the interrogator, in a tone of slight vexation; "but what I want to get at is, if you was broken free, to know what accident happened to your arm to make it necessary for the doctor to cut it off?"

"I beg your pardon again!" rejoined the stranger, politely; "now I do think I comprehend your; and I hesitate to inform you that it was crushed in the jaws of a Wild Boar, in one of the provinces of Algeria, in the northern part of Africa, on the twenty-third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ——. Well, suppose we leave the year blank?"

Of course this announcement set the whole party actually greatly increased wonder and curiosity; and I confess the stranger rose more in the importance in my eyes, and I really felt as eager at the "best Yankee of them all" to have him relate the story of his perilous adventure in a foreign land. A half dozen voices, with the host's among them, eagerly but politely asked for the recital, and the stranger as politely informed them that after supper he should be happy to contribute anything in his power to their amusement and entertainment.

After supper was over, he redeemed his promise; and I now give his story in as nearly his own language as I can remember it, and in the shape of so many years.

"Having sold my boot in Algeria," he began, "was a favorite sport of several of the officers of the French Army of Occupation at the time of my visit to that country, and having been often invited to take a part in the exciting chase, I one day unfortunately consented to try my skill on a field of operations for which I was as little fitted as I would be for handling an Indian tool in the backwoods of the Great West.

"Our party consisted of six Frenchmen, myself, and ten natives, making seventeen in all; and being well mounted and equipped, we set out about midnight for the field of sport, distant some leagues, and which we were to reach before daylight, in order to cut off the retreat of the animals we were intending to slaughter.

"That you may get a clear idea of our mode of hunting, I will state that there are, in almost any wild and romantic hills in Algeria, there are broad, plain stretches of country away, on a most a dead level, for several miles, some of these extending small swamps, and little ponds of water will, rarely islands in the centre. The hills, on which these were immense numbers in the country to the east, were, have their retreats or lairs in the dense forests, where, owing to the rocks, brush, fallen trees, and uneven, hilly ground, they cannot be pursued on horseback without great danger to the riders; but in order to get at the green grass and water of those plains, especially in the spring of the year, they leave the woods in the night and remain for rest upon the level, open ground, returning to their covers at the first streak of day; and to intercept and turn them back upon the plain, and then follow on horseback, with hounds, and shoot them down, or spear them, become one of the most exciting sports of the hunter's life.

"About an hour before daylight we reached the borders of one of these plains, and were there joined by another party of natives, who had been invited to meet us; and stretching out our line, with as wide a space between each as was thought judicious, we waited in anxious silence the beginning of the game. As it was my first attempt at hunting the wild boar, I must own I felt a good deal of nervous excitement; and had I

consulted my own feelings, I should have been the most eager of the party.

"It scarcely took us

long to meet the foremost of the animals, who were running heavy; and then, amid shouts and yells, we commenced firing into them in the greatest confusion—each one endeavoring to kill as many as he could, and be pleased—so that for a time the rich became almost the poor, and the hunters as the hunted. Carried away by the excitement attending this unusual sport, I never thought of danger to myself, at least from my companions, till a bold boar, which, in my head that I instinctively felt, and I heard a cry all rein moment the most imminent danger.

"As I looked up my feet, clutching and clubbing my rifle, my horse broke away and ran off, and then the wild, savage brute, with his bleeding head and foaming mouth turned upon me. I struck—but my sight, but the lever seemed to produce no effect, and the next moment I was down beneath the feet of the animals, and the bones of my left arm were being crushed to a jelly in his jaws.

"I remember no more of the terrible affair, for the excessive pain deprived me of my senses, but I subsequently learned that I owed my life to the two horsemen whom I had seen approaching, and who, seeing my danger, and the presence of which I have spoken, shot the animal through the heart.

"I only need to add, gentlemen," concluded the stranger, politely, "that my arm was taken off by amputation, and that I am now, as you see, a man of one arm."

"Well, I'm sure that was no lucky brother, who is his mother's favorite child," remarked a young man who had been sitting with his eyes and countenance much buried in the evening. M. W. Lord that there